Local Issues and National Leadership

THE REPORTER

October 30, 1958

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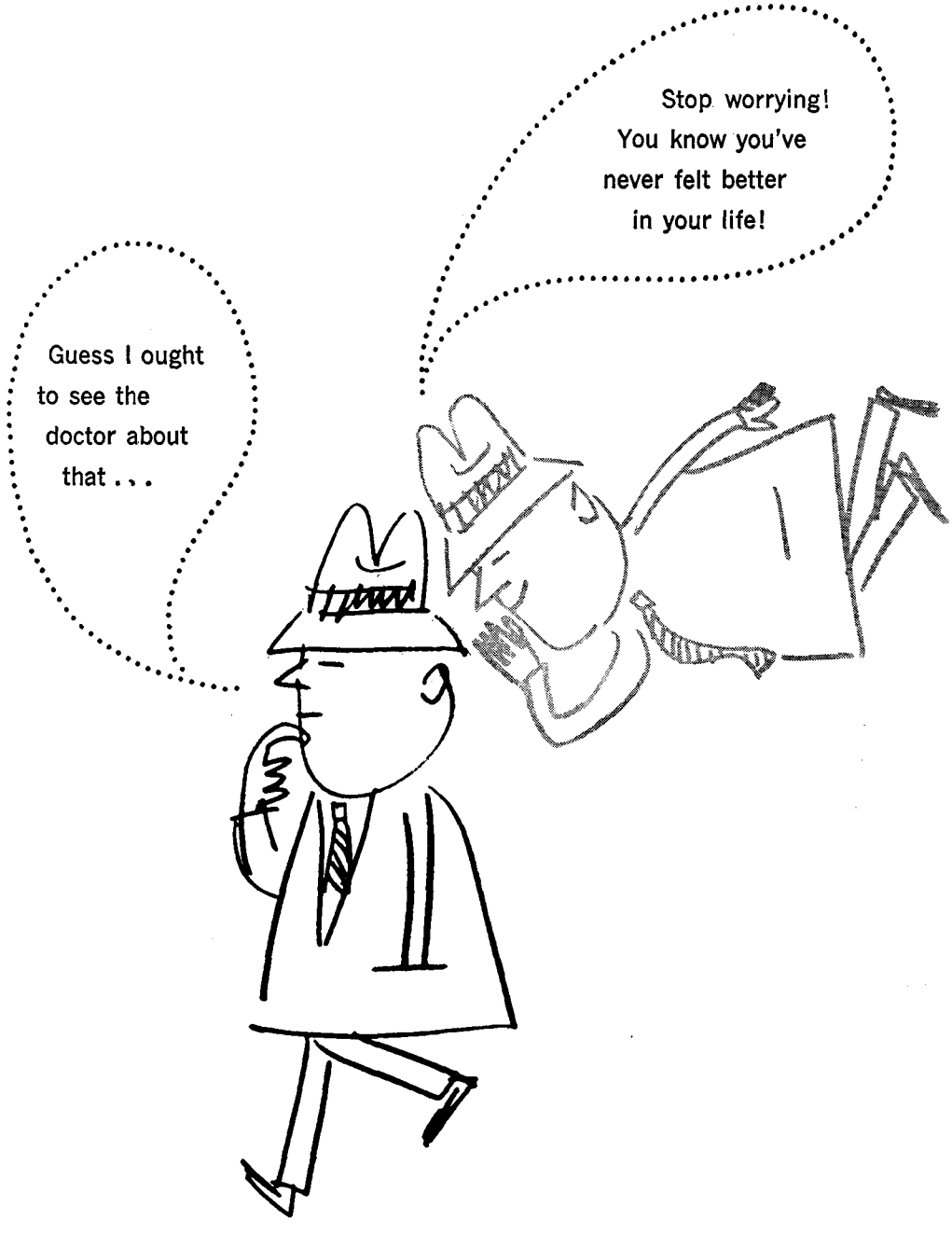

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

From a Faucet On Up

Clinton High had already had plenty of tribulations, back in 1956. At that time, John Kasper led a mob to prevent nine Negro children from entering the school, but the local and state authorities did not yield, and eventually Kasper landed in jail. The token integration at Clinton High and the firm behavior of Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee offered an example that Little Rock and Orval Faubus failed to follow. It was good to think of Clinton all through the still-unended ordeal of Central High.

Then, on October 5, three dynamite explosions blew up Clinton High, and the school board members of Anderson County, which includes Clinton, had to face the urgent job of raising between $250,000 and $300,000 to rebuild the school. They thought that was a huge hunk of money, and anyway it was only as a consequence of an order of the Federal government that their school had gotten into all those troubles, from Kasper to the dynamiting.

A delegation from the school board went to Washington and, according to the New York *Times*, "suggested that Congress set up an insurance program against terrorism. It also suggested a Federal aid plan for meeting financial burdens resulting from obedience to court integration orders." Those men may not believe in integration, but they obviously respect the law of the land. They think that when their obedience to the government of this land brings troubles upon their communities, the government should offer adequate relief.

In Washington, they met a number of officials, including a White House assistant, Mr. Rocco Siciliano, who, they said, gave them "a run-around, heave-ho, pass-the-buck." But they are stubborn men, and moreover they know that they are representative of all the school boards in the South which, to any extent, have tried to obey the law. They know that what the Federal government does or fails to do for Clinton will certainly create a precedent. They have even considered returning to Washington and trying to see, of all people, the President.

The President, however, at a recent press conference, expressed his philosophy about the whole Clinton situation, and set the precedent on which his inaction is going to rest. He said: "Now, I do not want to fail to stress again the school problem is primarily local. It belongs to the state, and every time if the Federal government undertook, every time anything went wrong, from a water faucet on up, to put its funds down there, then we would be doing the kind of thing that all of us condemn, that is, getting the Federal government's nose into places that it shouldn't be."

THE KEY WORDS are "every time anything went wrong." That is to say, irrespective of the causes that make things go wrong. The cause of the explosion at Clinton High is organized criminal bigotry. This organized bigotry—anti-Negro or anti-Semitic or anti-human—has its own networks, operating across state boundaries.

But the President is a man of principle: if the Federal government gets its nose into what goes wrong in the schools in the South, no matter whether it is a faucet leaking in the washroom or the wrecking of the school itself, where would it end?

On this point we take the liberty of being somewhat more positive than the President. For if the attitude of the Federal government toward the Southern communities loyal enough to try out integration remains one of hands off, nose out, then nullification will win, and the Supreme Court had better go out of business.

Jenner's General

The Dominican Republic, which in its dealings with citizens of this country had already shown an inclination to reward its friends and punish its enemies, has now decided to throw its weight into the U.S. Congressional elections. By letter and cable, Dominican officials have served notice on the Chambers of Commerce in three districts that the re-election of their congressmen might bring trade reprisals. These representatives are charged with being "mouthpieces of subversive propaganda" against the Dominican Republic.

In point of fact, only one of the three, Charles O. Porter (D., Oregon), whose constituents include the parents of Gerald Murphy, the missing pilot in the Galíndez case, has been a militant critic of Trujillo. It is true that another of the three, Charles B. Brownson (R., Indiana), did express some concern last spring over the publicity the Generalissimo's son Rafael was giving the U.S. Army's Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, of which Brownson himself is a graduate. And certainly Mr. Brownson had

ADVICE TO G.O.P. CANDIDATES

(From the Horse's Mouth)

Smile, he said, and the world will be with you,
Smile, he said, and your troubles will go,
Smile, he said, and they'll vote without thinking.
(He should know.)

—SEC

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a point; for what possible purpose could be served by admitting a playboy to a school where presumably the principles of high strategy were being taught? But the third congressman, Alvin M. Bentley (R., Michigan), was innocent of any un-Dominican activities. As a stout supporter of the late Senator McCarthy, he must have found the charge of subversion particularly galling.

POSSIBLY the officials of the Dominican Republic were emboldened by the fact that they had received as welcome visitors in Ciudad Trujillo earlier this fall two American statesmen who had given evidence of their utter congeniality. The two senators, Eastland and Jenner, addressed a joint session of the Dominican legislature convened in their honor and complained that what they had been going through in Washington would make them happy to trade a dozen Eisenhowers for a real man like Generalissimo Trujillo. ". . . I spent enough time in the United States Senate," Jenner said, "to learn how bad it is for a country if its leaders do not serve their country's best interests. And, how important it is for a national leader to really lead and not just drift with the tide. I can appreciate how happy and how lucky you have been with the Generalissimo."

Senator Eastland, chairman of the Senate Internal Security subcommittee—needless to say, the two senators were on official business—was moved to reverence in the dictator's presence. "Thank God for your country," he cried, "and for your leadership and for freedom, for capitalism, and for free enterprise." Jenner extolled the island republic as "the only place I have ever been in this whole hemisphere where everybody seemed to have a clear idea of what this fight with Communism is all about . . ."

We are particularly impressed by the statement of Mr. Jenner, whose decision not to run for re-election will relieve the U.S. Senate of the presence of a man who in that chamber called George Marshall "a living lie." George Marshall is not Jenner's kind of soldier, but Generalissimo Trujillo is. The retiring senator from Indiana couldn't have found a better way to define himself.

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PIUS XII

ERIC SEVAREID

The life and works of Pope Pius XII will be considered in their full scope and meaning by the historians of both the Catholic Church and the century, and later on all men will be able to measure him in all his dimensions. For the present, he is considered by individuals in the quick reflexes of memory. He must have met and talked with literally millions of human beings from all parts of the world in these twenty years, and each of them among those still alive has his own sharp recollection of the brief moment of meeting, forming his own permanent impression of Pius. My own personal and particular memory of this extraordinary Pope was founded in my one encounter with him, my only chance to scrutinize him at close range.

That was a day to remember for thousands of American, British, and French soldiers; a day Rome itself will not soon forget. It was a sunny June day in 1944, when Rome became the first enemy capital to be taken by Allied forces—then, to be sure, not strictly an enemy capital, since Mussolini had fled. The Germans ruled the city but they did not rule Vatican City within the city. At first the delirious people headed for the center of Rome, where our military caravans were slowly pushing through. The experience of that welcome in itself almost made the whole war seem worthwhile, and talking of this only the other day, one American ex-soldier confessed that he had been so moved by the welcome that after traversing the city he drove all the way back to the highway gate and went through it all over again.

But after two or three hours of this mass happiness that the Germans had been driven out of Rome, a subconscious awareness, as it were, rose to the surface of people's minds, for they were also happy and full of the tears of relief because all this meant that the war was over for Rome and because their city had been spared devastation. They then turned their steps in a mass movement toward St. Peter's Square, where the great bells were pealing, the first really joyful note many of us had heard in five long years of war. These people knew why their city was virtually unscarred; they knew why the battle for Rome had taken place entirely outside the city—the presence of the Papacy.

Many of the thousands kneeling in that square recently in grief must have been standing there that afternoon fourteen years ago, shouting, when the same Pope appeared at the balcony. And later in the throne room, Pope Pius received the Allied war correspondents in addition to many officers and soldiers who filtered in. Even in those of us not of Catholic faith there was a feeling of awe, and it seemed to me that this was due not so much to the grandeur of the surroundings as to the immediate and unmistakable grandeur of the man who spoke to us from his steps. He spoke without notes, with a remarkable ease and grace, shifting from Italian to English to French without hesitation as he referred to the various national groups we represented. We forgot our dirty, unshaven personal condition as we stood there listening in a great semicircle.

Then a bad thing happened. The news photographers broke loose. They slipped up close to him and flashed their bulbs in his face; they dropped their equipment and bumped into one another. One even lay flat on his stomach to take a picture from a different angle from the rest. Vatican officials, trying to keep order, were red with fury and embarrassment. The Pope himself, without losing a phrase of his speech, made one sweeping gesture with his white-robed arms as if to scatter a flock of crows, but the cameramen did not scatter; they persisted. One would suppose that this may well have been the first and the last time that an imperious command of Pope Pius inside the Vatican was disobeyed, and we who stood there were stiff with shame. But when he had finished speaking, he did not turn his back upon us and leave; instead he came down and walked slowly around the circle, blessing some who sought it, nodding and smiling to the others, a word for everyone as though nothing had happened.

And that is our particular memory of him, and the impression that was permanently fixed in the mind was the impression of unmatchable poise, and dignity, and self-control.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE NATIONALIST VIEW

To the Editor: Inasmuch as the Communist leaders themselves have announced for all the world to hear that the ultimate Communist objective is that of world conquest, willingness on the part of the Communists to negotiate is no indication that they are ready to relinquish that objective. In expressing the hope in your editorial "This Talk of Munich" (*The Reporter*, October 2) that the Warsaw parleys would proceed in earnest and that their aim would be not just a cease-fire but peace, you make the unwarranted assumption that the aim of the parties to the talks is one and the same, and that the Communists, whose chief aim is to make Communism "a world system," are willing to deviate from that objective in the interest of peace.

In an article in the same issue, "Caught in a Trap of Our Own Making," Chalmers M. Roberts claimed that "Chiang's interest in the islands is and always has been as stepping stones for his return to the mainland." The truth is that the value of the offshore islands lies in the fact that they serve primarily as eyes in the defense of Taiwan and the Pescadores. Once they are lost to the Peiping régime, the Communists would then be free to assemble in the ports of Amoy and Foochow the necessary supplies, troops, and shipping for the invasion of Taiwan. The continued possession of the offshore islands by the Republic of China may not deter the Communists from attempting the invasion of Taiwan, but it does mean that they will have to pick as their staging areas suitable harbors to the north or south, thus exposing themselves to air and naval interception over a much wider area.

As Admiral Burke pointed out in an interview with Robert J. Donovan, chief of the New York *Herald Tribune* Washington Bureau, on October 4, the offshore islands are only as important as the Communists make them. The real problem, in his opinion, is not the offshore islands, because even after the problem of the offshore islands is solved, trouble is likely to break out in Burma, Laos, Indonesia, Vietnam, Taiwan, the Philippines, or even in Africa or the Middle East.

In his article "Chiang's Shadow over Warsaw," following Mr. Roberts's, O. Edmund Clubb said: "Our Nationalist allies . . . agree with the Communists that the dispute between them is civil war." Our view is and always has been that the war in China, far from being a civil war, was instigated, supported, and directed by Soviet Russia, which has made no secret of the fact that the conquest of China is essential to the achievement of the ultimate Communist objective of making Communism "a world system."

Mr. Clubb further claimed that the anti-American riots of May, 1957, at Taipei "were staged for the express purpose of dramatizing Nationalist dissatisfaction with our policy." According to the findings of a special committee appointed to investigate into the incident, the fact was established that the incident, far from being premeditated, began as a peaceful and spontaneous protest against what was considered by a substantial section of the population as a miscarriage of justice in the acquittal of U.S. Army Sergeant Reynolds by the U.S. court-martial in the shooting of a Chinese citizen, and that the unruly elements among the crowd succeeded in turning the peaceful demonstration into mob violence.

You will recall that the government of the Republic of China promptly expressed its deep regret to the U.S. government over the incident and assumed full responsibility for the repair of the damaged property. Those who had been apprehended by the police and found guilty were sentenced to prison.

GEORGE K. C. YEH
Chinese Embassy
Washington

REBUTTALS

To the Editor: A written dialogue on abstract painting between August Heckscher, journalist, and Eric Sevareid, journalist, probably serves the cause of neither belles-lettres nor painting. I can understand Mr. Heckscher's misunderstanding of both me and the issue, as expressed in his letter to the Editor in your October 16 issue, since my remarks in the September 18 issue of *The Reporter* about the American exhibit at the Venice Biennale were abrupt and disjointed.

I am no more an art critic than he, though paintings have been a recurrent passion in my life. But I must repeat that the American exhibit is a bad joke. Nor, I would argue, is this merely a matter of individual taste; it is a matter of standards. There are, after all, certain fundamental requirements in all arts, in the absence of which we have not art but exercise, not creation but unfinished experiment.

I do not "dislike" abstract painting. Some of the abstractions in the other exhibits at Venice are a marvel to the eye, an excitement to the spirit. But in these (I would put some of Braque's at the top of the list), mastery of technique is evident; discipline and purpose are evident; form does not hang, empty and arid, divorced from content. These men are not "primitive and arrogant communicators with self."

The quotation used above is from *More in Anger*, by Marya Mannes, one of the wisest commentators on American culture today. *The* wisest, I sometimes think. I urgently commend some of her paragraphs to the reflection of Mr. Heckscher and his colleagues at the Museum of Modern Art. For I will claim to the end of my days as well as my space that what has been provided by the American House in Venice is, to quote Miss Mannes from another context, "a haven for bad painters free to make accident virtue."

ERIC SEVAREID
CBS News
Washington

To the Editor: The letter of Isam Kabbani, research officer of the Arab States Delegations Office in New York, printed in your October 2, 1958, issue, indicates that his research must have taken place in a faraway, never-never land.

Mr. Kabbani does not mention the perhaps slightly irrelevant fact that the Arab states invaded Palestine to frustrate the U.N. partition plan and the Jews whipped the pants off them. He also does not state that the Arab leaders have stated that they would never make peace with Israel, but would use any stratagem they could to destroy Israel and murder and enslave her population.

LESTER LICHTER
New York

LABOR REFORM

To the Editor: While I do not agree with some of John Van Camp's specific conclusions, I believe that his article "What Happened to the Labor-Reform Bill" (*The Reporter*, October 2) presents a generally accurate picture of the shabby treatment dealt to the rank and file of labor by the Democrat [*sic*] leaders of the 85th Congress.

One fact stands out above all others. The Democrats, who gave lip service to the need for labor-reform legislation, had the votes and the time to enact it had they wanted. The inescapable conclusion is that they did not.

MEADE ALCORN
Chairman
Republican National Committee
Washington

UNUTTERABLE SALVATION

To the Editor: Your October 2 Reporter's Note "You Can Still Be Saved" introduced your readers to the peculiar salvation offered by "the missionaries of Madison Avenue"; and I must confess that, since I do not compound my own shoe polish or boil my own soap, the admen may well claim me as a proselyte. But lest these imps of Mammon become too cocky, I refer them to a story told by Oliver St. John Gogarty about Professor Mahaffy of Trinity College, Dublin. Mahaffy was cornered in a railway carriage by a zealot who asked him, "Are you saved?" "To tell you the truth, my good fellow," replied Mahaffy, "I am; but it was such a narrow squeak it does not bear talking about."

LEROY DE CAMP
Jamaica, New York

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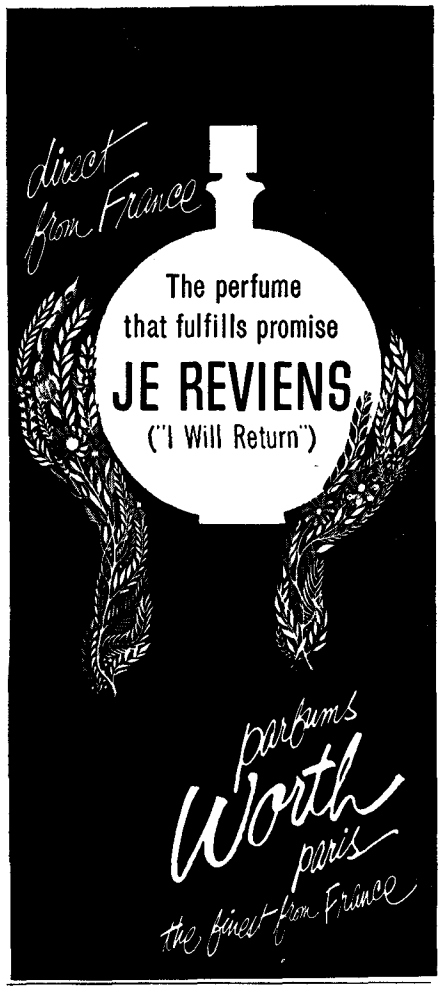

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Bigger than Little Rock

By ROBERT R. BROWN,
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

OUR READERS will be greatly relieved—and we are even more relieved—that for a change we have nothing to say about Quemoy. Particularly in a mid-term campaign, a magazine like ours, which is concerned but not obsessed with politics, and utterly independent, can afford to remain aloof. For some reason we have acted differently in Presidential elections, actively supporting a candidate, but we can make no promises that we will do so in the future. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** voices both our detachment and our concern.

The articles that follow describe some of the most significant campaign issues. As happens frequently, they involve New York and California, which seem to have consolidated their position as the leading states—and not only in quantitative terms. The gubernatorial campaign in New York is attracting increasing attention throughout the nation, for Nelson Rockefeller, a newcomer to election politics, is proving to be a natural. Should Rockefeller succeed in being elected governor, he may furnish Mr. Nixon some strong competition for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1960. Rockefeller is a Republican, but not just a Republican, and he could therefore appeal to the broader national constituency that has twice elected President Eisenhower. **Leo Egan,** a political writer for the New York *Times,* discusses his chances.

All this is highly "iffy," particularly considering the Democratic trend—a trend so overwhelming that the Republican leaders, after meeting with the President, saw fit to imply that their opponents are a bunch of "socialists." Later, of course, it turned out that the President declined responsibility for the statement's wording: politicians, he said, like to make things "positive." The word "socialist" aroused the attention of **A. A. Berle, Jr.,** who knows what socialism is, and also a great deal about American corporations. In his article, he puts things straight. **Steven Warshaw** reports on the campaign in California, where Senator Knowland has stirred up a great deal of emotional debate over the merits of a "right-to-work" amendment. In order to find out how "right-to-work" legislation has been operating in a state that has adopted it, we asked **James A. Maxwell,** a frequent contributor from the Middle West, to take a look at Indiana.

EXCEPT for the Communists, it seems that practically everyone in France is a Gaullist. As **Edmond Taylor,** our regular European correspondent, reports, there are Gaullists of the Right, of the Left, and of the Center, and only the general succeeds in remaining himself. . . . Staff Writer **Claire Sterling** gives a firsthand account of the situation in which the Hungarian refugees now find themselves two years after their revolt. . . . Once again, and certainly not for the last time, we call attention to the fate of the civilian population of Formosa. **Denis Warner** is an Australian journalist. . . . It is a pleasure, in this time of distressing controversy, to read about a Southern school where pupils and teachers are concerned only with education. **Lois Balcom** is a psychologist and former teacher now associated with a New York firm of architects.

Graham Hutton is a British economist and the author of *We Too Can Prosper* (Macmillan). **Nat Hentoff** is a well-known authority on jazz. . . . **Senator John F. Kenney's** *Profiles In Courage* (Harper) won a Pulitzer prize for biography. . . . Staff Writer **William Lee Miller,** who is on the faculty of the Yale Divinity School, is the author of *The Protestant and Politics* (Westminster). . . . **Alfred Kazin's** most recent book is *The Inmost Leaf* (Harcourt, Brace). . . . **Perry Miller** is professor of American Literature at Harvard and the author of *Consciousness in Concord* (Houghton Mifflin).

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Cozy Interlude

AND HERE IT IS, the merry season when those of us whose profession it is to observe the nation's affairs can take a holiday. Up to the Tuesday after the first Monday in November electioneering is on, and national events follow a thoroughly predictable course. For the duration of the campaign there will be no playing at any brink. Marines and paratroopers will enjoy a well-deserved rest. Every other year, October is a month of peacemongering.

The charges and countercharges, the claims and counterclaims about the pocketbook, the price of hogs, or socialism—all this is predictable. During the last few years, the playing at predicting has become a major national sport as well as a flourishing business. To console ourselves for never having been interviewed by a Gallup pollster, quite a number of us have taken to the habit of doing our own Galluping. In the same way, the major newspapers, envious of the success of Sam Lubell in interviewing voters, send around teams of reporters to do their own Lubelling. In our country a considerable amount of political thinking goes into the effort to find out what other people think—and particularly those who care the least about politics.

It is truly amazing how little electioneering has been affected by new technological devices or by reforms aimed at increasing the people's control over their representatives. Primaries, like TV, may have brought into a closer contact the actual or would-be leaders and the people. But the operation of these technological or legal gadgets is complex; complexity requires organization and money, and only the professional operators of politics have the skill to meet these requirements.

The fantastically increased power of the Federal government, the newly acquired decisive influence of our nation in international affairs, these and many more momentous changes in our political life have been duly registered by high-minded citizens, who tirelessly advocate a greater participation on the part of the people in politics, a broader knowledge of the basic issues, plus a sustained effort of truth-telling and sense-talking on the part of the candidates for office. These exhortations fill the air, to the probable enjoyment of those creatures who spend most of their lives there—the birds.

IN 1958, as in every election year, we go to the polls to choose between alternatives the bosses have presented us with. The Democrats attack Herbert Hoover, and the Republicans Harry Truman. Fortunately, there is always some note of color to relieve what otherwise would be a somber picture: like the two not-impecunious candidates for the governorship of New York campaigning on a diet of blintzes.

It can be said of our system of electioneering that for generations it has remained the same—only more so. This doesn't mean that it hasn't rendered remarkable services to the nation by preventing radical conflicts and keeping full-time party bureaucracy to a nearly absurd minimum. Indeed, the system makes for a rare degree of unity. We can see it these days: the similarity of behavior between opposing candidates, the identical conformity on both sides to the time-honored ceremonial, all this is considerably more important than the charges one party hurls at the other. In fact, these charges are discounted as campaign oratory even before they are uttered. There is a relaxed and relaxing quality in the present as in the previous campaigns. Or perhaps the right word is cozy—a coziness which is not to be found in the politics of any other democracy.

THIS CONDITION of politics as usual would make of us the most blessed of all people on earth—if only the position of our nation in the world were what it used to be not many years ago. As it is, our leaders in the legislative and executive branches of the government must make decisions directly affecting our broad system of alliances and ultimately the whole world. Ours is the most powerful democracy, but the danger is that the way we practice democracy in selecting our leaders may produce men scarcely qualified for international statesmanship. Inevitably in every election, the only issues debated are of a local or at the very utmost of a national nature. Inevitably, every national election is a nostalgic relapse into isolationism.

Edmund Burke said of the British Parliament of his time: "If we do not permit our members to act upon a *very* enlarged view of things, we shall at length infallibly degrade our national representation into a confused and scuffling bustle of local agency." In our day and country, the local interests and local constituencies that send legislators to Washington cannot possibly select them according to the exigencies of an international—and not just of a national—representation.

It is already a miracle for which we should be grateful that a few of our senators feel responsible not only to their states and to the nation but also to the community to which the nation belongs. Still, it is not reassuring to see how during these cozy holidays from reality the men are selected who have to guide us in the real world.

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Can Rockefeller Save The G.O.P. in New York?

LEO EGAN

THE NEW YORK political campaign differs somewhat from those in in other states this year in that it has been the Democrats who appear to be on the defensive. The Republican upsurge, if it may be called that, is embodied in Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, who at fifty is making a belated entry into the competition for elective office after holding appointive positions of subcabinet rank under two Democratic Presidents and one Republican.

Governor Averell Harriman, also the inheritor of many millions, served with Rockefeller in the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. In fact, they were personal friends of long standing when the present campaign began. Harriman, too, started pursuit of elective office comparatively late in life. He got his first nomination four years ago at the age of sixty-two and squeaked through to one of the narrowest victories in New York State's political history.

ROCKEFELLER has reason to be grateful to Harriman. For it was Harriman who proved that a candidate whose very name connotes great wealth could win elective office in the nation's most populous state. Without such proof it seems unlikely that the Republican Party could have been persuaded to run Rockefeller this year despite the attractiveness of his personality, his well-known initiative in the struggle to improve man's lot in underdeveloped countries, the immense philanthropies of his family, and his countless friendships among leaders of key groups of voters in New York politics.

It remains to be seen, however, whether a millionaire can be elected on the Republican ticket. Republican leaders have always been touchy about their party's identification with wealth and big business in the public mind. For this reason they have been inclined to choose their top candidates from men of modest beginnings, like Thomas E. Dewey,

son of a weekly newspaper publisher, or Herbert Hoover, an Iowa farm boy. The Republicans have managed pretty well to stick to the log-cabin tradition. The Democratic Party, on the other hand, has frequently turned to the leisure class for its candidates while drawing its main voting strength from labor, small farmers, and small businessmen. In the process the Democratic Party has given these sons of the rich a sort of absolution for the economic sins of their forebears and offered a timid middle class the assurance that Democratic policies were not really as radical as the Republicans have claimed.

This difference in party attitudes toward inherited wealth was brought to Rockefeller's attention by an associate in President Roosevelt's administration fifteen years ago. "Why don't you leave the Republican Party and join us?" he was asked. "The Republicans will never dare run you for elective office and you will never really achieve political power, if that is your hope, until you get yourself elected to something."

He was given almost identical advice by a veteran Republican county chairman in upstate New York earlier this year before he had definitely decided to seek the Republican nomination for governor: "Only the Democrats can get away with running somebody who has inherited a lot of money." As one of Rockefeller's associates has put it: "Nelson always listens to advice but he doesn't always take it."

The Old Guard Is Suspicious

As a candidate, Rockefeller has been a surprise to voters who knew him only as a name. Old-time Republican campaigners of the hell-fire-and-thunder school are dismayed by his "soft sell" tactics. Some make no secret of their feelings that he hasn't been hitting the Harriman administration hard enough.

His reputation for liberalism tends to make him suspect among those Republican voters who have remained faithful to the memory of Senator Taft. Nor do they like some of the changes in Republican state policy that Rockefeller has proposed. His election would surely mean, for instance, the abandonment of the

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drive to establish a residence requirement for relief assistance, the extension of unemployment-insurance coverage to concerns with a single employee, and a more sympathetic consideration to the use of state credit to finance middle-income housing.

But of course Rockefeller's reputation for liberalism and the fact that conservative Republicans are somewhat suspicious of him serve to enhance his appeal among the independents and the wavering Democrats whose votes would certainly be needed for a Republican victory in what everyone agrees looks like a Democratic year; Rockefeller himself concedes that he must draw a fourth of the Democratic and Liberal vote. And everywhere Rockefeller has gone in the state—and he has visited most of its sixty-two counties—Republican chairmen and campaign workers have been agreeably surprised by his vitality, the range of his interests and information, his informality, his good humor, and the fact that he obviously enjoys meeting and talking with the voters.

Visiting factories in northern New York, he has impressed workmen with his knowledge of production processes and the perceptiveness of his questions about their work. He has fluttered the hearts of young female operators in textile plants in Kingston and Manhattan's garment district. He has pleased Puerto Ricans in Harlem by discussing their many problems with them in fluent Spanish.

THE VOTERS he has met in the course of his campaign travels—even those who say they intend to vote Democratic—appear to have been convinced that his friendliness is genuine and not just an attitude simulated for campaign purposes. He hasn't been able to shake as many hands as Governor Harriman has, but that's primarily because he takes more time to listen to those he meets. He has a much more outgoing personality than Harriman, and on remarkably short notice people find themselves on a first-name basis with him. Republicans who would never dream of calling former Governor Dewey "Tom" find themselves calling Rockefeller "Nelson" without self-consciousness. This is not just a new tactic adopted for the duration of a political campaign. The same informality has long existed between Rockefeller and those he has met in business, philanthropic enterprises, and government service.

On the platform and on television he presents the serious mien of a man who appears to know what he wants to say and to be thoroughly convinced that what he says is worth saying. But he is not stuffy. On a recent appearance in Binghamton, for instance, he enlivened a speech by recounting some of his grandfather's favorite stories, his memory prompted by a visit to the farmhouse at nearby Richford where John D., Sr., grew up. "These date back to 1850, in case you've heard them," he warned his audience.

The Willkie Mystique

Rockefeller's campaign has a flavor that is more than slightly reminiscent of Willkie in the Presidential campaign of 1940. His appeals have something of the same inspirational quality. It is not surprising that those who constituted the core of Willkie's support in New York are among Rockefeller's more energetic supporters this year. Some of these people are making their first active contribution to a Republican campaign since 1940. Oren Root, who in 1940 was chairman of the Associated Willkie Clubs of America, is the chairman of Citizens for Rockefeller and Keating.

Rockefeller has Willkie's gift for communicating his own enthusiasm to his supporters and convincing them of his earnestness and good intentions. But the crusading zeal Willkie aroused was not sufficient to keep New York out of the Democratic column as the country tottered on the brink of involvement in the Second World War, and Roosevelt became the nation's first third-term President. Similarly, Rockefeller may not be able to stem a national tide set in motion by fear of another economic depression and the worry that a Republican national administration might let the present cold war deteriorate into a hydrogen holocaust.

Although the basic appeals of Willkie and Rockefeller are the same, the organization of their campaigns offers a case study in contrasts. The main direction of Willkie's campaign was in the hands of political amateurs who were full of mystical zeal but unsure of what to do or when and how to do it. Authority was divided and staff work poor or nonexistent. Visitors to campaign headquarters came away with an impression of confused people working at cross purposes. The main direction of Rockefeller's campaign is in the hands of political "pros," and the campaign itself is organized on the lines of a major industrial sales program. Under L. Judson Morhouse, the Republican state chairman, who is in over-all command, there are five divisions: research; media promotion and publicity; headquarters operation; special groups; and organization. The heads of these divisions meet daily with Morhouse to co-ordinate their operations. Needless to say, the managers of Rockefeller's campaign have been able to call in outside experts of tested skill whenever they felt the need. And the campaign shows the results.

A Man Without a Label

The political adroitness of the Rockefeller campaign is probably best measured by its success in making the race for governor a man-versus-man rather than party-versus-party affair. The great depression of the 1930's gave the Democrats a political weapon nearly as potent as the "bloody shirt" Republicans waved successfully for so many years after the Civil War. As a result, most of the Republican state and national successes in recent years have been won by candidates with an appeal to groups outside of the party. The public image of Nelson Rockefeller in New York is primarily nonpartisan and personal. First and foremost he is Nelson Rockefeller; only secondarily is he identified as the Republican candidate.

This emphasis on Rockefeller the man rather than on Rockefeller the Republican is clearly shown in car cards that suddenly blossomed throughout the New York subway system as the campaign entered its final stages. The cards urge the voters to "Put the Go" in government and to return leadership to Albany by electing Rockefeller, but they can

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be searched in vain for any clue to the fact that Rockefeller is the Republican candidate for governor.

Rockefeller's background, outlook, appearance, and personality readily lend themselves to this sort of campaign. A sketch published at the time he was appointed co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs reported that his four brothers regarded him as the best salesman in the Rockefeller family. A man who has worked with Rockefeller in the Eisenhower administration once remarked that he has his grandfather's drive without the drawback of his prehistoric philosophy.

ROCKEFELLER knew before he even sought the gubernatorial nomination that the odds were against his winning if he got it. A professional polling agency reported Governor Harriman was so far in front that it was doubtful whether any Republican could overtake him. But the poll also indicated that Harriman would not be as strong in a man-versus-man contest as in a party-versus-party race.

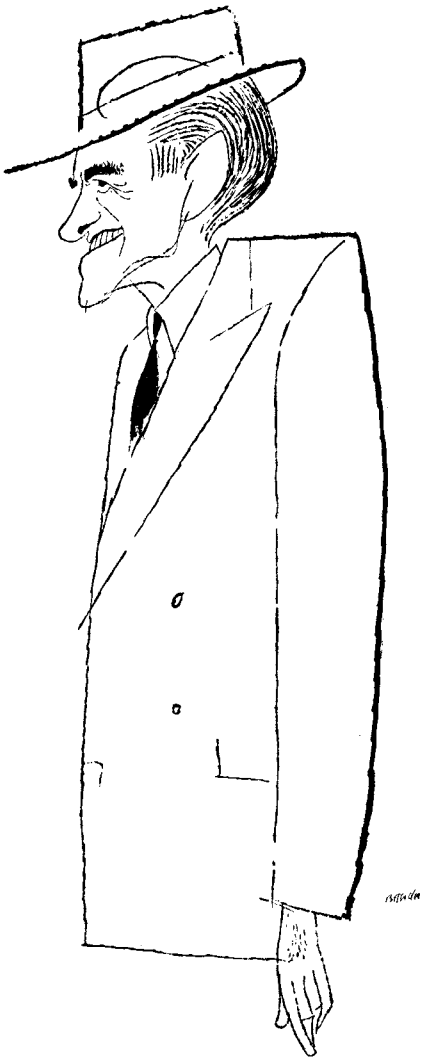
It was a challenging situation that appealed not only to Rockefeller's sporting instincts but also—which is perhaps more important—to his political ambitions. Morhouse credits John D.'s grandson with "a natural instinct for politics." Unlike the stereotyped heir of great wealth, he has the politician's facility for remembering names and faces and the habit of personal loyalty.

A man endowed with such political instincts can never be fully satisfied with even the most exalted appointive offices; he is drawn inevitably toward the fully earned power of elective office. Looking back over Rockefeller's career, a friend has said, "Nelson has been running for office ever since he got out of his play pen."

Despite his family's wealth, he was not sent to one of the swanky New England prep schools but attended the Lincoln School in New York, an institution dedicated to experiments in educational techniques and methods that was partially endowed by his grandfather and affiliated with Teachers College at Columbia. Young Nelson was not responsible for his enrollment at Lincoln, but he was responsible for choosing Dartmouth as his college. What persuaded him to go there was its reputation as a democratic institution. At college he was a key figure in campus politics. He also taught Sunday school there for four years, an asset for any future politician.

An Alternative to Nixon?

The amount of political power an elective office brings to the holder depends, in large measure, upon the obstacles that have been overcome in



the winning of it. The Rockefeller family's contributions to Republican finances over the years would probably have enabled him to obtain nomination and election to the House of Representatives from a safely Republican Westchester County district long ago. Such an election, however, would have brought him little political power.

But election as governor of New York on the Republican ticket in a year when the political tide is running for the Democrats would not only represent a real personal achievement but would also lead to the sort of political power Rockefeller apparently wants. Perhaps that is why the early odds against a Republican victory only increased Rockefeller's interest and why he was willing to go out and fight for the nomination against such major political figures as Leonard Hall, the former Republican national chairman, and Walter J. Mahoney, majority leader of the state senate and acknowledged "strong man" of the legislature.

A victory this year would make Nelson Rockefeller the most formidable rival of Vice-President Nixon for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1960. This is perhaps a major reason why the old Willkie following is backing Rockefeller so enthusiastically. It may also persuade some Democrats and independents to give him their votes.

A Rockefeller victory in New York in the midst of Republican defeats elsewhere would confirm a number of Republican leaders in their conviction that their party, by itself, cannot carry the pivotal populous states on which a Presidential election depends. It would be taken by some as an indication that Nixon, who has veered back and forth between Taft Republicanism and Modern Republicanism but whose political identity has always been solidly fixed inside the Republican Party, would have less chance of winning in 1960 than Rockefeller, who has avoided such identification. There is, of course, another side to the coin. Rockefeller's defeat in New York would almost ensure Nixon's nomination to head the next Republican national ticket. The reasoning then would be that since independents and liberals had demonstrated an unwillingness to vote for any Republican, regardless of his personality, the best Republican hope of success would lie in naming a candidate who will sharpen the differences between the parties rather than blur them.

THE STAKES in a New York gubernatorial election are always high, but they have probably never been higher than they are this year.

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Whose Socialism?—
A Story of Pots and Kettles

A. A. BERLE, JR.

In Congressional election years, some reason must be put forward why citizens should vote Democratic or Republican. The Republican high command has made its entry at a conference held at the White House, attended by President Eisenhower, National Chairman Meade Alcorn, Vice-President Nixon, Senator Everett Dirksen, several House Republican leaders, and their chief aides. The meeting solemnly offered the nation a statement built around this strikingly novel idea:

"Either we Americans dedicate ourselves to strengthening and preserving private enterprise, using the only dependable political instrument available—the Republican Party—or we are certain to go down the left lane which leads inescapably to socialism." Obviously, anyone voting Democratic is headed down the left lane.

In fairness to the Republican leaders, they may have been prompted by at least one unobjectionable reason: their supporters have been apathetic, and campaign contributions have not been as generous as in times past. Crusades against "socialism" in the past have been known to extract some funds from the more naïve sectors of American business.

But it just happened that exactly three days after this epochal statement was issued, one of its authors, Mr. Nixon, addressed the Republican state convention at Columbus, Ohio, and urged his listeners to stress the "pocketbook" issue; to campaign on the argument that the Eisenhower administration has done more than its Democratic predecessors to increase Social Security benefits, to raise wages, to stabilize the cost of living. Apparently an ambitious Republican can campaign on a pro-socialist and an anti-socialist basis at the same time.

What the Nixon "target statement" is actually saying is that the Democratic Party, from 1933 to 1952, was responsible for setting up a program of social legislation designed to provide the United States with the bare rudiments of a coherent economic structure.

A Look at the Record

This, one supposes, is the "left lane" which, according to the Republican statement, leads to the stamping out of private enterprise and individual initiative, inevitably nationalizes or socializes industry, and would make all of us "pawns of a super state." The Republicans inherited this institutional structure from the New Deal and the Fair Deal. They have been in control of the government of the United States for nearly six years. During most of the time, allied with a small number of ultraconservative Democrats, they have had control of legislation, but they have not cared or dared to change any essential part of the structure they inherited.

Do they now intend to wipe out Social Security legislation, for example? Certainly no responsible Republican is proposing repeal of the Federal Reserve legislation or liquidation of the Federal Housing Administration. Some have themselves recently shown distressing evidence of socialism in advocating additional Federal credit for small businessmen. If any Republican orator has advocated restricting the credit measures that make it possible for veterans to start buying houses, this news has not been recorded in the press. There has been Republican talk of a new deal for aviation, but in the direction of more rather than less Federal regulation. Even the Tennessee Valley Authority has come to be considered a fixture, though some Republican boring from within did occur a few years ago.

Actually, the Republican ideological tack has been predominantly in the other direction: Mr. Nixon at Columbus was closer to it than Mr. Nixon at the White House strategy meeting. When the recession came along last year, Republican spokesmen were more vocal than anyone in saying that, thanks to (New Deal) social legislation, American economy now had "built-in" stabilizers to prevent a crash like that of 1929.

As for results of the system, no one has been prouder than Republicans of the American economic record and achievements under the rules set up by Franklin Roosevelt and maintained by Harry Truman. The gross national product has steadily increased, and personal incomes have steadily gone up. An ever-growing number of American families have steadily been marching out of the class of family income of under $2,000 (poverty) into the $2,000-$4,000 class, while a still greater proportion has been moving out of that class into the bracket having a family income of $4,000 or higher. This means that poverty has steadily decreased and that middle-class standards have been attained by an ever larger group. Hardly any of these people look like "pawns of a super state," though some of them may be pawns of super-corporations.

The Giant Corporations

Charges of "socialism" make it advisable to take a look at what the word is supposed to mean, not according to abstruse economic theorists but according to Webster, where it is defined as "A political and economic theory of social organization based on collective or governmental ownership and democratic management of the essential means for the production and distribution of goods; also, a policy or practice based on this theory."

If we are on the left lane to socialism or collectivism, it is not government ownership that is ahead of us. During the past ten years, out of all the capital that has gone into United States industry sixty per cent came from industrial corporations, while another twenty per cent is bank credit lent to them. This is eighty per cent of the capital of American industry, chiefly collected through the prices paid by American consumers and buyers. A process of collectivization seems to be going on—

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but its major agent is not the Federal government.

The private property system in production, which began with our great-grandfather's farm and forge, has almost vanished in the vast area of American economy dominated by the business system we now have. Today approximately fifty per cent of American manufacturing—that is, everything other than financial and transportation—is held by about 150 corporations, if we reckon by asset values. If finance and transportation are included, the percentage increases. If a rather larger group is taken, the statistics would probably show that about two-thirds of the economically productive assets of the United States, excluding agriculture, are owned by a group of not more than five hundred corporations. Five hundred corporations may control two-thirds of the nonfarm economy, but within that five hundred a still smaller group has the ultimate decision-making power. This is, I think, the highest concentration of economic power in recorded history.

Many of these giant corporations have budgets, and some of them have payrolls, which, if their customers are included, affect a greater number of people than do many of the ninety-odd sovereign countries of the world. American Telephone & Telegraph, for example, would be somewhere around the thirteenth state of the Union in terms of budget. Some of these corporations are units that can be thought of only in somewhat the way we have heretofore thought of nations.

I am not quarreling with this situation, but I want to point out that we are approaching what the English economists of a generation ago used to call "company socialism," meaning thereby a collective system administered not by the state but by business. If anyone really wants "individual initiative," let him try repealing the corporation laws.

Labels Don't Count

Prior to 1933, the American system was a highly productive, highly disorganized, highly speculative jungle, operating under a thoroughly antiquated credit system. It fell apart. As a consequence of the ensuing catastrophe, a beginning was made toward setting up a modern system

of social legislation, a more or less modern system of finance, and reasonable methods for preventing excesses in some directions and giving elementary order to certain of the major industries in others. Republican business leaders demanded the NRA in 1933, which insisted on a measure of emergency planning. When the NRA was voided in 1935, it was the rather unsocialistic oil industry that established the present system of oil production controls. There has been no Republican opposition to expansion of the Federal Housing Administration, whose insured credit supports construction and (incidentally) supplies the insatiable need for homes. Similar situations exist in a dozen other industries, from shipping to aircraft.

I myself think there is need for more Federal control and co-ordination of business. Other capitalist countries are now moving faster and becoming more productive than we. The United States has been able to increase its gross national product by about three per cent each year. But France, perhaps thanks to its postwar reorganization, goes ahead by five per cent a year, Japan and West Germany claim six per cent a year, while the Soviet Union (whose figures cannot be trusted) claims 7.5 per cent. Quite likely the United States will have to improve the efficiency of its economy as the years go by, just as, year by year, any well-run business must improve its organization and its plants.

If Americans, uninterested as they are in dogma, want more electricity, they will take the most effective way of getting it—TVA or private utility, as the case may be. They will not care much whether the TVA according to some Republicans is "socialist" (it is not) or whether utility companies like Consolidated Edison are models of "private enterprise and individual initiative" (which is equally not the fact).

By now, however, we have acquired some experience. When the cry of "socialism" is raised, some of us have learned to look almost automatically for a business interest that wants to buy cheap some government-owned resource or facility. That same business interest will be the first to storm into Washington demanding a government subsidy, a pipeline to government credit, or a quota system barring competing imports.

REPUBLICANS, as I have noted, have not been deviating from the "left lane"; Mr. Nixon is even boasting that in some respects they are going still lefter. After all, he knows better than the rest of us to whom the White House statement was addressed. Those who drafted it may have had in mind certain individual interests that want to pay less income tax and load more of the burden onto the consumers. They may have had in mind all those who resist any new expenditures for social services and education. But about one thing there can be no doubt: The drafters of that statement would like to win the election, and are ready to say anything to bring in campaign contributions.

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California: The Union Shop And the Amendment Game

STEVEN WARSHAW

EVEN HIS WORST enemies will cheerfully admit that Senator William F. Knowland is a man of stern adherence to principle, even when it hurts. At this point it seems fairly obvious to friend and foe alike that Knowland has not appreciably enhanced his own chances of being elected governor of California by choosing to embrace a controversial amendment to the state constitution as a central issue in his campaign. This is Proposition 18, generally known as the "right-to-work" initiative, which would make the union shop illegal.

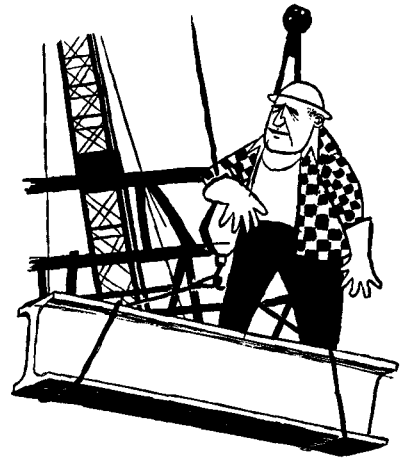
Governor Goodwin Knight, forced into a tough fight for Knowland's Senate seat, has emphatically dissociated himself from both the man and his cause, and our intrepid Vice-President saw fit to duck the "right-to-work" issue whenever it came up during a recent campaign tour of his native state. Public-opinion polls, which had earlier given Proposition 18 at least a fighting chance, now indicate that a substantial majority of the voters have turned against it. If it fails, however, it certainly won't be because its advocates were stingy with either their energy or their money.

"Right to work" has been merchandised in California this fall like so much soap. The plot of the opera is unremittingly melodramatic: There is strong-jawed Bill Knowland, the principled crusader returned to his home state after learning that unrestrained Big Labor is tearing up the peaceful patios of independent Americans who want nothing more than to accept their pay checks and grow dahlias. His opponent, Edmund G. Brown, a boy from the other side of the tracks, charges that if both Knowland and "right to work" aren't defeated, the consequences will be dire for the California way of life.

. Management supporters of the initiative are concentrating on working-class Democrats, on the basis of estimates that seventy-five per cent of their votes will be required for passage. Labor leaders, convinced that there is a strong Democratic tide in California, are directing their appeal primarily to white-collar Republicans.

Twenty Cents a Name

Among the turning maples and the madroñas of California's hills and on freeways in its cities, the colors of autumn are supplemented by garish billboards, one of the chief media for political campaigns on the West Coast. Some show the Statue of Liberty and urge a "Yes" vote for her and "voluntary union-



ism." Others say, "These leaders say No to Proposition 18," and go on to offer a startling combination of endorsements from Eisenhower, Stevenson, Brown, Earl Warren, Governor Knight, Representative Engle, and Senator Kuchel, only three of whom have actively opposed "right to work." Labor's billboards also demand, "Who is really behind Right to Work—and Why?"

The effect of this billboard competition has been to place the "right to work" issue in the hands of the motivational researchers. In Los Angeles, supporters of the initiative hired a public-relations man who spent $20,000 to test his slogans. After assaying the reactions of six hundred voters, he decided that the best basis for a campaign would be to represent "right to work" as a measure "to guard or insure workers' civil rights," a claim against which the N.A.A.C.P. has protested sharply. Not many respondents were moved by the urge to get rid of Jimmy Hoffa or "to stop killings of workers," and the tests indicated that evidently it would be a waste of hard-won contributions to try to explain the meaning of the initiative itself.

The ease with which amendments to the state constitution can be offered in California has made advertising an integral part of politics. An organization need only retain the services of a petition-circulating agency to get its amendment qualified on the ballot. For the going rate of twenty cents a name, the agency will post both paid workers and volunteers on street corners and in meetings to collect signatures representing at least eight per cent of the qualified voters who cast ballots in the previous gubernatorial election. At a cost of $60,000 or $70,000, any well-organized group can hire the most efficient petition gatherers, qualify its amendment, and then proceed to confuse an electorate that is faced with a list of sometimes twenty or more initiatives on the ballot. This boisterously democratic process has made wealthy men of many petition gatherers, who often dream up initiatives for patriotic special-interest groups to espouse.

Obviously none of this was in the late Senator Hiram Johnson's mind when he advanced the concept of the initiative and referendum to break the hold of the Southern Pacific Railroad over the California legislature. His theory then was that informed voters would govern better than dominated representatives. Proposition 18, the "right to work" initiative, is a latter-day mutation of this ideal.

Neil Haggerty and the Apocalypse

Proposition 18, in turn, has spawned Proposition 17, a retaliatory measure sponsored by the AFL. This proposi-

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tion would drop the three per cent sales and use tax to two per cent and redistribute state income taxes in such a way that many of the ardent supporters of "right to work" would find themselves paying higher taxes.

Proposition 17 was conceived by Cornelius J. Haggerty, secretary-treasurer of the California State Federation of Labor, primarily as a device to prevent the passage of Proposition 18.

At sixty-five, "Neil" Haggerty is one of the most astute lobbyists in the state. Looking rather like a retired schoolteacher with his thinning gray hair and steel-rimmed glasses, he will stride before a lectern and threaten the end of the world if 18 is passed. His voice booms out over hundreds of union meetings, charging that "right to work" would destroy unions, drive wages down, and wreck industrial harmony that has taken a century to develop. Union members rarely know precisely what the law would do after they have heard Haggerty, although they are given a more narrowly legal view in some of the five million pieces of propaganda his office has mailed since the start of the campaign. One thing is clear: they emerge from a meeting with Neil Haggerty in the manner of Puritans who have heard Jonathan Edwards describe the tightrope over hell.

Some of Haggerty's listeners are surprised to learn that he is a Republican. To Haggerty, political issues are incidental to labor's bread and butter. Although the federation has approved of fair-employment legislation, it has never fought for it with the same intensity used to gain more compensation for the unemployed, for example, or for disability insurance. Improved education is a matter treated with "deep concern"—and very little action. In no case has Haggerty's hold over the federation been more evident than when he persuaded it to support Goodwin Knight, a basically conservative Republican, for governor and then for senator.

The Dummy That Came to Life

When the "right to work" issue was raised in California this year, Haggerty's office became a command post in the national resistance movement against anti-labor legislation. He promptly called in a dozen attorneys, summoned an emergency meeting of the federation's executive council, and held a strategy meeting of all central council and building trades council representatives.

It is an axiom among labor leaders that when there is no ground to give, the thing to do is create some and give it anyway. This was Haggerty's strategy. With the encouragement of his principal lieutenant, Jack Henning, he prepared an initiative that would rival "right to work." Proposition 17 was easily qualified even though it is opposed by the Democrats as well as the Republicans. The state CIO Council, which in California has not yet merged with the AFL, has also come out against 17, thus splitting the labor movement.

Both Henning and Haggerty believe in the principle of graduated taxes, but they created Proposition 17 primarily as a way to force the retreat of the "right-to-workers." Haggerty offered to withdraw 17 for 18. Meanwhile state officials, the Chamber of Commerce, and assorted employer groups issued statements that suggested apoplexy. They warned that a redistribution of tax burdens to relieve ninety-five per cent of the state's population would wreck the state's economy. But the "right to work" supporters refused to pair propositions, and both remain on the ballot.

Haggerty himself is not spending much time or money on his brain child. The demands of the campaign against "right to work" occupy all his working hours. It was he who beat off the first attempt to outlaw the union shop by initiative in California back in 1944, when it was proposed simultaneously in Arkansas and Florida and passed in those states. After their defeat by a margin of 3-2, California's right-to-workers waited seven years to try again.

Their strategy is to characterize "right to work" as a people's movement. An organization called the Citizens Committee for Democracy in Labor Unions is headed by Howard B. Wyatt, who presents himself as a Teamster "fed up with the debased state of many unions today." Wyatt belongs to Teamsters Local 626, but he is actually a meat jobber who works out of a truck instead of an office. His biggest account in Pasadena is a butcher named Leonard D. Keefer, who, after making an anti-union speech before a Kiwanis club, suddenly found himself a hero of the "right to work" movement. Keefer and Wyatt call themselves "little men in rebellion against labor's monopoly."

With the exception of the General Electric Corporation, which has paid for some advertisements in favor of "right to work," large corporations have not publicly supported the measure.

Some Lose, Some Win

Very few attempts have been made to debate Proposition 18 on its mer-

its this fall in California. One side is content to call it "right to work," the other "so-called right to work" or "right to wreck." Nevertheless,

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there are serious arguments to be put forth on both sides. According to Haggerty, the initiative would destroy collective bargaining in California, jeopardize the structures of health and welfare funds that are already covered by state law, make it possible for cranks to obtain harassing injunctions, set unions into conflict with each other in negotiations with single employers, encourage the development of company unions, and create a bureaucracy that would be both cumbersome and expensive. According to management supporters of the initiative, which would make it possible for individual workers to withdraw from unions or refuse to join them as a condition of employment, it would attack labor corruption at its roots by restraining the growing power of unions.

More objective commentators take neither view, but generally oppose the legislation as irrelevant to the issue of corruption. A member of a law firm that has frequently been identified with the Republican Party said privately: "Abuses by unions are going to have to be corrected. But we need legislation for that problem; this stupid 'right-to-work' thing will lead the public to believe something has been done. It will be totally ineffective in that regard, I assure you. It will merely permit a handful of dissidents to quit their unions. This is the biggest political blunder I can remember."

PERHAPS the thought has even occurred to Senator Knowland: whatever else it may accomplish, the "right-to-work" campaign in California has forced Republican Haggerty into a knockdown, drag-out fight with Republican Knowland, who ran some 660,000 votes behind Democrat Brown in the gubernatorial primary.

There is perhaps only one group that can afford to view all this confusion with amused and complacent detachment. No matter what happens to Senator Knowland or Proposition 18, the signature gatherers are sure to be out waiting on corners before the next election in California, pens in their hands and smiles on their faces, saying, "Sign here, please, to defend our freedoms."

SENATOR GOLDWATER'S FAVORITE LABOR LEADER

In the fair likelihood that some of our readers have not heard of it, we recommend an anthology put out recently by the Legislative Reference Service of the Library of Congress under the bouncy title "Government Regulation of Internal Union Affairs Affecting the Rights of Members." Actually we haven't read much of it ourselves, but an Errata Sheet inserted by Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona is worth the price of the volume by itself, proving as it does that sometimes a denial not only catches up with an accusation but runs away past it.

In one of the selected readings, it seems, a Yale professor named Clyde Summers described an attitude, prevalent in some quarters, "that union abuses should be solved by reducing union power." People who took this view, he went on, were "less concerned with eliminating undemocratic practices than exploiting them to weaken unions as effective bargaining agents." For example, "Senator Goldwater, while denouncing the 'unbridled, uncontrolled power' of union leaders and advocating that the anti-trust laws should be applied to labor, congratulated Jimmy Hoffa for his union philosophy and wished him success in his conflicts with Walter Reuther."

That was "a complete distortion," retorted the Arizona Republican in the Errata Sheet which he insisted on having inserted in the volume. To prove his point he quoted a chat he had had with Hoffa during Senate hearings on August 20, 1957:

"Mr. HOFFA. So I am not suggesting, Senator, that we put together a combination, even in an advisory capacity, to be able to say that we are for this party, this candidate, or the other party or the other candidate. I am not suggesting that at all, sir.

"Senator GOLDWATER. Mr. Hoffa, we have labor leaders in this country today, labor leaders who are not particularly friendly to you, labor leaders who, I am sure, would like to gain control of an organization like the teamsters, who do not think like that. If those individuals were successful in getting control of your unions and expanded this to include the entire transportation field, then I think you can see the dangers immediately of what I am talking about.

"Mr. HOFFA. Maybe better than you can, Senator.

"Senator GOLDWATER. I am certainly glad to hear you say that.

"Mr. HOFFA. Maybe better than you can, because I have just about surmised the situation if certain people controlled transportation, plus other industries that are now organized, which they are desperately trying to do, using every medium of advertisement to the general public that they can use, to try and destroy, to try and, if possible, take over without the voting authority of the members, certain parts of the labor organization. I, for one, am not unaware of what is happening in this country. I don't propose as one, either, and I have had my fights in the past, Senator, on this question, I don't propose as one person to become involved in a situation to where anybody is going to call me into a room and tell me, without talking to my members, 'This is what you are going to do' or, 'This is what you are not going to do.' My experience is when you endorse a candidate on that basis, you just went out of business.

"Senator GOLDWATER. Well, Mr. Hoffa, just to wind this up, I think we both recognize that in the writing in the clouds today there is an individual who would like to see that happen in this country. I do not like to ever suggest to let you and him fight, but for the good of the union movement I am very hopeful that your philosophy prevails."

Whatever the senator thought he was proving, surely what he has provided is addenda rather than errata—rather like the defendant who argued that he couldn't have set a hotel bed on fire while drunk because "Your Honor, it was like that when I got into it."

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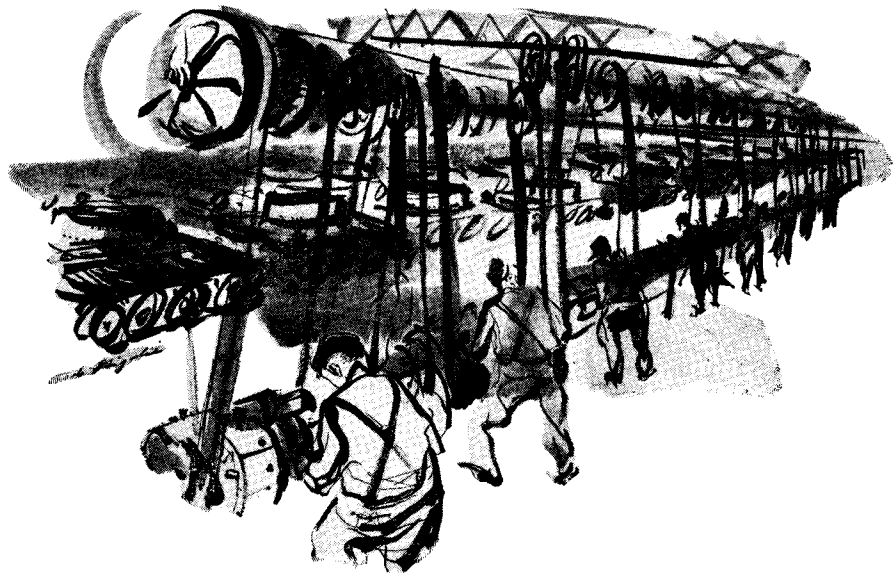

'Right to Work' Along the Wabash

JAMES A. MAXWELL

"ORGANIZED LABOR feels about the open shop the way women do about polygamy," a labor leader once said to me. "It's both an emotional and an economic matter to us. We've fought for years to make the union-security agreement a part of the labor-relations pattern of this country, and anyone who tries to go back to the old open-shop days is in for a lot of trouble."

There is considerable evidence that rank-and-file union members share this feeling. Under the Taft-Hartley Act as originally written, a union could bargain for a union-shop clause in a labor contract only if a majority of the workers—not simply those voting—approved. Despite this loaded provision, which meant that any employee who neglected to vote was in effect casting a ballot against the union shop, the results were surprisingly one-sided.

From 1947 through 1951, more than 46,000 union-shop elections were held by the National Labor Relations Board, and unions won ninety-seven per cent of them. Of the 5.5 million votes cast, ninety-one per cent were for the union shop. Senator Taft realized that these elections were a waste of time and money and in 1952 led a successful movement to have the provision repealed in the Federal law.

SENTIMENT for the open shop, however, is far from dead in this country. Eighteen states have adopted "right-to-work" laws which forbid labor agreements that make union membership a condition of employment. Five other states—Ohio, California, Kansas, Washington, and Colorado—will vote on the measure in the November elections.

The business community in the industrial states, however, is by no means united in support of "right-to-work" laws. "Personally, I wish we could stay out of the fight," an official of the Dayton, Ohio, Chamber of Commerce told me. "The big companies in this town have had good labor relations for some time now, and most of them feel that the current battle will leave wounds that will take a long while to heal. I agree with them. But the small businessmen are determined to get the law on the books, and of course our organization will have to go along with them."

THERE WAS the same kind of division among employers in Indiana, which in March, 1957, became the first Northern industrial state to adopt a "right-to-work" law. "Big business was either opposed to the law or kept hands off," Jack Reich, executive vice-president of the Indiana State Chamber of Commerce, told me. "It was the pressure from small business that got the law passed."

Although the law has been in effect in Indiana since June of last year, not many contracts have as yet been affected by it. Many of the agreements with union-shop provisions were reached before June, 1957, and will not expire for another year or more. The law was not retroactive; also, it did not abrogate contracts that were renegotiated or extended during the period between March, when the bill was passed, and June, when it became effective.

The United Automobile Workers is the first large union in Indiana that has been unable to bargain for a union shop. Neither management nor officials of the UAW will predict what effect, if any, an open shop will have upon union membership. Last May, however, when the UAW contract expired, some five hundred of the twenty-four thousand members of the Anderson, Indiana, local resigned from the union.

"That's one of the major difficulties with the 'right-to-work' law," said Dan Bedell, a staff member of the United Auto Workers. "There are always a certain number of men in any union who would like to be free loaders, to have all the benefits of the union without paying any part of the cost. That creates disharmony among the men. Under Taft-Hartley, a union must represent all the workers, not just its members. But even if that provision weren't in the law, we'd still have to represent nonmembers in their grievances against the company. Otherwise a bad precedent might be established and we'd have to live with it."

Although big business, on the

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whole, has yet to feel the effects of the Indiana law, a number of contracts have been negotiated by small companies. "The small outfits have been much tougher to deal with during the last twelve months," said George Colwell, vice-president of the state AFL-CIO. "We're encountering truculence rather than the give-and-take attitude we've known in the past. In many instances, management feels that we've been seriously weakened by the law and are on the defensive, and they want to make the most of the situation."

"Labor leaders, not management, are creating the difficulties," Jack Reich of the Chamber of Commerce said. "As long as everyone was forced to belong to a union and dues came in automatically by payroll deductions, leadership had nothing to worry about. Wouldn't you like to run a business with no sales problems? That's the setup the unions have without a 'right-to-work' law. The representatives are belligerent right now because they're upset, but eventually we'll have more responsible leadership. Members can now bring pressure on them by threatening to resign if they don't do a good job. Personally, I don't think that the law has caused any serious rift between labor and management."

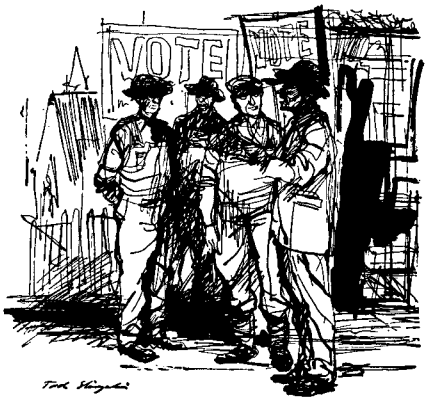
A Timely Reminder

However, businessmen admit that in some towns in the state, organized labor is boycotting merchants who are known to have supported passage of the law. In New Castle, for example, the union paper published names of businesses that are *not* connected with the Chamber of Commerce, thus, by implication, blacklisting those which are.

To stress the purchasing power that is theirs to confer or withhold, union members, during the first week in October, handed a card to the merchant each time a purchase was made. Over a million of these cards bearing the following message were passed out: "Your business has just been helped through the purchase of a union member. Good wages mean good business. Protect your business. Oppose the campaign of the Indiana Chamber of Commerce to weaken unions and lower wages. Oppose the so-called right-to-work law." The reverse side of the card points out that the 350,000 union members and their families spent $35 million per week with Indiana merchants.

THERE IS a political as well as an economic objective in this and similar campaigns. When the "right-to-work" law was passed by the Indiana legislature in March, 1957, the majorities were slim—54 to 42 in the lower house, 27 to 23 in the senate. Republicans hold about three-fourths of the seats in the house and two-thirds of those in the senate.

In the November election, all of the hundred seats in the house and half of those in the fifty-man senate will be filled. The Republican platform pledges the party not to repeal the "right-to-work" law, while the Democratic platform advocates repeal. Therefore, with the exception of a few members on each side of the aisle who voted with the opposition,



labor has conducted its fight on a straight party-line basis. The campaign has been heated.

Labor leaders in Indiana, as in other states facing the "right-to-work" issue, admit that the disclosures of the McClellan committee have placed a heavy handicap on the unions' campaign. The long parade of thugs, hoodlums, thieves, and racketeers who have been permitted to flourish in the labor movement has undoubtedly caused a sizable portion of the public to view unions—all unions—with diminished enthusiasm.

"Jimmy Hoffa and the people like him succeeded in smearing all of us," one union officer in Indiana said. "They've hurt labor more than all of the union-busting groups in the country. We're trying to tell the public that that gang is no more representative of union leadership than bank embezzlers are typical of bankers. But there's no denying the fact that we're fighting for repeal at a hell of a bad time."

Webb Sparks, executive director of the Indiana Right-to-Work Committee, also said that the hearings before the McClellan committee will militate against repeal, but he feels they are a minor factor in the campaign. "The 'right-to-work' movement would never have gotten off the ground if it hadn't been for the actions of labor leaders like Reuther. We have plenty of good union men who support our committee simply because they don't like their money being spent for political purposes they don't believe in. There are a lot of strong Republican members in Michigan, for example, who are burned up because their dues are being used to help elect Soapy Williams. The same kind of thing happens in this state."

But even if labor succeeds in electing a sufficient number of representatives and senators to repeal the "right-to-work" law, Indiana's tangled political situation may provide new problems. Republican Governor Harold W. Handley, who permitted the law to go into effect without his signature, is running for the United States Senate seat vacated by William Jenner. If Handley is elected, Lieutenant Governor Crawford F. Parker, an ardent supporter of the law, will become governor. Parker has stated that he will veto any repeal of the law.

On the other hand, if Handley is defeated, Parker will remain in his present post as speaker of the state senate, where he may be in a position to bury the repeal bill in some committee other than Labor and thus postpone action indefinitely.

The Agency Shop

There is, however, a factor that may make the entire "right-to-work" issue an academic matter not only in Indiana but in all states that have the law.

Several years ago, the UAW negotiated a union-shop contract with a Ford plant in Canada. Among the workers, however, there were a number who were members of a religious sect with tenets that forbade mem-

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bers to belong to a union. This dilemma was finally solved by an agreement that workers with religious scruples would not have to join the union; but since the union would act as their agent in all bargaining and grievance matters, the nonmembers should pay the same dues and assessments as members. Canadian courts upheld this "agency shop" clause.

In negotiations with the Meade Electric Co. of Lake County, Indiana, last spring, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers resurrected the agency-shop concept as a convenient means of circumventing the right-to-work law. The union pointed out that it must, under the Taft-Hartley Law, represent *all* workers; therefore, nonmembers should pay their proportionate share of the cost for this service.

The company asked for an order from the Lake County superior court restraining the union from bargaining on this point, but Judge Henry V. Stodola ruled that the agency shop was not in violation of the state law. (This is the first court decision on the question in any state with a "right-to-work" law, but the attorneys-general of Nevada and North Dakota have also ruled that contracts containing such an arrangement are not illegal.) Judge Stodola's decision is now being appealed.

"RIGHT-TO-WORK" supporters were outraged by Judge Stodola's opinion, and their feeling was aggravated when unions began to utilize the apparent loophole. L. A. Hooser, vice-president of the Indiana Right-to-Work Committee, tried to halt the trend with a threat of prosecution. "Employers in many areas of Indiana are being pressured by labor union negotiators to accept 'agency shop' clauses in labor-management contracts," he said in a statement issued to the press. "Such clauses will expose both employers and union representatives to possible fines and imprisonment." With the court decision in their favor—at least for the present—union leaders seem to be facing any potential penalties with fortitude.

Indiana's "right-to-work" law does not specifically ban the agency-shop clause, but there are a number of proposed and existing state laws that do. According to the *Labor Relations Reporter,* a highly respected journal in the field of labor law, even states that have banned the agency shop may be affected if Judge Stodola's reasoning is followed by other courts.

"The decision of the court in the present case is a sweeping one so far as the legality of agency shops is concerned," the publication said in its May 26, 1958, issue. "Not only does it hold that an agency shop is lawful under Indiana law, in view of the lack of any prohibition of payments to unions, but it also indicates that a statute barring an agency shop would be invalid under Section 14 (b) of the Taft Act."

The labor leaders I talked with, however, view the agency-shop clause only as a temporarily useful exercise in tactics. "We're not trying to live with the 'right-to-work' law," George Colwell told me. "We want it repealed."

Turning Back the Clock

One independent labor-relations counselor in Indiana, who asked me not to use his name, summed up the situation this way:

"The open- versus closed-shop fight is certainly not new in this country, but the conflict has a new significance today. The rapidly growing economic and political power of unions and the trend toward monopoly in business genuinely frightens many small businessmen and professional people who fear that they'll be crushed between these two giant forces. The 'right-to-work' law is a counterattack.

"Unions, on the other hand, remember the 1920's, when the open shop had a great revival after the First World War. Membership dropped about a third, from five million to three and a half million. Organized labor will do anything it can to prevent a repetition of that experience.

"I think you'll find that most of us who work in the field of labor relations—and that includes a lot of the personnel directors of large corporations—are against 'right-to-work' laws because union-shop agreements have become too much a part of the fabric of labor-management economics to be removed without severe damage. Can you imagine the chaos in hospitals and the medical profession if Blue Cross and all the other medical-insurance programs were suddenly outlawed?

"Senator Taft had this in mind when he fought against a 'right-to-work' rider on the Taft-Hartley bill, and Secretary of Labor Mitchell saw the same danger when *he* came out against 'right to work.'

"I can see why a lot of people want the law, but I think they're only trying to turn back the clock. To my mind, unions could stand a lot of corrections. Abuses have been plentiful and serious. But I don't think any law will be effective if it's bucking a historical trend."

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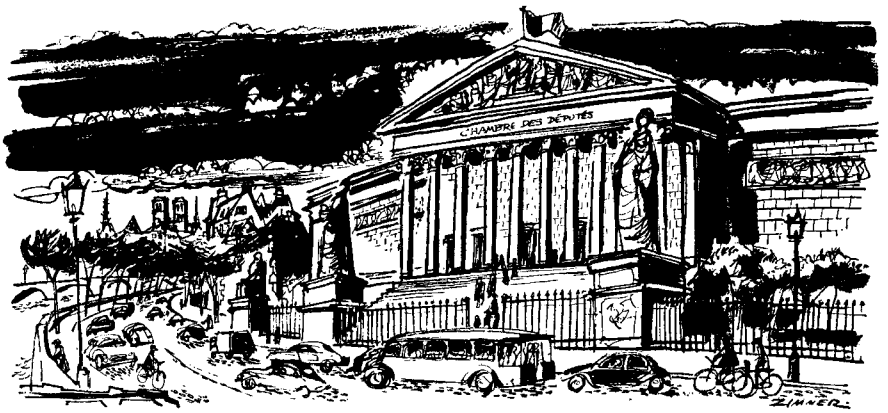

AT HOME & ABROAD

General de Gaulle Tames The Gaullist Revolution

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"WHAT IS our ideology? Well, you might define it as muscular Gaullism."

The speaker was Léon Delbecque, one of the leading insurrectionary condottieri in the Algerian coup of May 13. His emergence as boss—"National Commissar," he calls it—of a strongly organized, well-heeled, oddly named new party, the Republican Convention, has given cold shivers to many French republicans. (General de Gaulle is sometimes rumored to be among the shiverers.) Contributing to this unease are Delbecque's dynamic vocabulary (he habitually refers to the events of last May as "the Revolution"), the occasionally excessive muscularity of his young adherents' Gaullism, and the fact that his party is largely built around a nucleus of semi-clandestine Public Safety Committees organized by him throughout the country.

But after talking with the glib, amiable young commissar at his bustling if rather cobwebby campaign headquarters on the lower slopes of Montmartre, I found Delbecque and his Convention less sinister than I had imagined. No doubt the Convention, which many observers are beginning to take seriously as a political force, represents an extreme form of revolutionary Gaullism. Were it not for the electoral system that Premier de Gaulle has chosen, it might well have emerged from next month's elections for the National Assembly as the shock force of a triumphant Gaullist bloc which would inevitably develop into a totalitarian monolithic party.

Under Delbecque's vigorous leadership, however, the Convention is not likely to launch a direct attack on the democratic institutions of the Fifth Republic—certainly not while de Gaulle stands guard over them. Delbecque insists that his Gaullism is as unconditional as it is muscular. He claims, without any pretense of modesty, that he saved the republic last May by stealing the "revolution" for de Gaulle from the original Algiers putschists, and that he is today Enemy No. 1 of the extreme Right: Poujadists, some Royalists, die-hard colonialists, unreconstructed Vichyites, and other unsavory elements with whom he collaborated last May.

Reining In the Right

The claim is not entirely unfounded. There has been a split since May in the nationalist camp, particularly since the general's Constantine speech of October 3, and no doubt Delbecque pulled a certain number of his old fellow conspirators over to the new political "system" in France—just as democratic as the old one, and in the final analysis not greatly different from it.

Delbecque's comrades in the Union for the New Republic, the umbrella organization newly created and largely controlled by Minister of Information Jacques Soustelle, are equally sensitive to the practicalities of electioneering under the new system. To reduce sterile rivalry among the several clans of right-wing Gaullists, the Union has allotted a quota of electoral districts to each of its component groups, including Delbecque's. His candidates in the districts assigned to them will have the exclusive endorsement of the Union as well as that of the Republican Convention.

There was no difficulty about finding a district for every potential candidate of the Union. Some districts are safer than others, however, and there has been fierce intramural competition for the best ones. There have also been unabashed attempts at gerrymandering that have greatly irritated General de Gaulle. In particular he is supposed to have issued strict orders that the district of his arch-adversary, former Premier Pierre Mendès-France, should not be tampered with so as to reduce Mendès's chances for re-election (which are now excellent).

THE GENERAL has likewise intervened to discourage the tight cartel of Gaullists and conservative nationalists, blessed by the most reactionary Algerian "integrationists," that right-wing leaders like Independent Senator Roger Duchet, former Premier Georges Bidault, and former Defense Minister André Morice have been trying to organize with Soustelle's help. The Gaullist-Rightist combination has a good chance of winning a majority in the National Assembly as it is, and de Gaulle feared that many Socialists, driven by despair, might be inclined to join the Communists in a Popular Front, which in any case will take shape in many constituencies.

De Gaulle's October 9 letter to General Raoul Salan forbidding a "prefabricated" electoral vic-

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tory in Algeria for army-sponsored candidates was a staggering blow to the Rightists, who had been counting on the presence of seventy hand-picked Algerian deputies to assure them of control of the National Assembly. Furthermore, his demand that all army officers withdraw from the Committees of Public Safety has caused a split among the original promoters of the May 13 insurrection, thereby threatening to break up the embryonic electoral alliance of Gaullists sponsored by Soustelle, Duchet, and Bidault. At the same time it has put new heart into the French liberals who have been hoping that the general would follow up his Constantine speech with acts.

AT THE FORMAL OPENING of the electoral campaign, the line-up of forces is approximately as follows: A small, virulent extreme-right bloc with frankly fascist leanings; Soustelle's Union for the New Republic, of which Delbecque's Republican Convention seems the most dynamic component; a cartel of right-wing Independents, Catholics, and Radicals more or less loosely allied with the Union for the New Republic; a somewhat incoherent centrist group —Radicals, Popular Republicans, etc.—badly torn between the Gaullists and the next group in the line-up, the Socialists, who, though in favor of de Gaulle, remain the Gaullists' chief rivals for control of the Assembly. There are also the Communists—at present licking their referendum wounds while their leaders in an unflinching *autocritique* dissect the failings of their subordinates—and the newly formed, numerically unimportant cartel of left-wing Gaullists, the Party of the Republic, which has been encouraged by Minister of State André Malraux as a counterweight to Soustelle's Union.

This does not as yet represent a truly revolutionary regrouping of French political forces, and the battle lines, such as they are, can hardly be clearly drawn before the first round of the elections on November 23. New alliances and divorces may be announced at the level of party headquarters in Paris, but as one gastronomically oriented French political commentator recently put it, "The private dining rooms at Maxim's have had their day; from now until the end of the elections the essential decisions will be taken in the provincial cafés—in the Café du Commerce, in the Café de la Poste, in the Cheval Blanc."

Head Start for *'Les Notables'*

This provincialization of French politics is the direct result of General de Gaulle's decision to return—with only minor modifications—to the electoral system of the Third Republic, the so-called *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Under this traditional and popular system, the voters in each of the 465 electoral districts established for Metropolitan France choose one deputy by majority vote. (A different voting method has been decreed for Algeria, which will have seventy seats in the Assembly.) A candidate who gets an absolute majority is automatically elected; otherwise a runoff election must be held in the district on November 30.

In the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the strength and popularity of a national political party can never assure the election of a local candidate. Its propaganda machine and its campaign chest help only a little. Even its label is not essential. In the new relatively small constituencies—ninety-three thousand voters maximum—national and ideological issues tend to seem remote, local and personal ones all-important. Candidates arbitrarily assigned by party headquarters to a constituency with which they have no personal connection—"parachutists," in French political slang—stand little chance. Successful candidates must be men with solid local reputations. Usually they are what the French call *notables*, not celebrities but pillars of the community: municipal or departmental councilors, the town notary, the leading doctor or veterinary, the high-school teacher, the labor boss, the master of the local Masonic lodge.

Being men of substance but not too much substance, provincial *notables* are almost by definition conservative, even when they wear the colors of the Left. The two great parties of the *notables* are the Independents and the Socialists, each in its own way profoundly conservative —they have formed the marrow of every "system" and régime in France for the last century. And it is these two parties, not the Gaullists of the Right or of the Left, that stand to benefit the most from the electoral law imposed by the general.

No better proof could be found that de Gaulle utterly rejects the role of a dictator whose power is based on his control of a monolithic party. The *scrutin d'arrondissement* is the voting system best calculated to control the Gaullist tidal wave revealed by the constitutional referendum and use it in the interests of parliamentary democracy. Indeed, it risks breaking it up into hundreds of futile eddies. Nobody can foretell accurately what will happen between November 23 and November 30, when *notables* and local bosses throughout France get together over *vin rouge* or cider in the back room of the Cafés du Commerce on the cobblestoned market squares and begin the laborious, custom-hallowed horse trading of blocs of votes in the runoff election against past or future favors of all kinds.

THE RESULT may be a return to the parliamentary stagnation and cynicism that prepared the military defeat of 1940. Or, as General de Gaulle hopes, it may provide the interaction of old and new, of tradition and revolution, and give birth to the dynamic but responsible parliamentary democracy that seems to be his goal. Almost the only thing that cannot come out of these elections—insofar as any political mechanism can be counted upon to curb human waywardness—is an upsurge of revolutionary Gaullism, muscular or otherwise, violent enough to sweep the Fifth Republic into dictatorship against the wishes of its founder.

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What Happened To the Hungarian Refugees

CLAIRE STERLING

TWO YEARS AGO on October 23 the Hungarians rose against their government, and within a few weeks of their defeat, nearly 200,000 of them fled the country. They weren't the only refugees of their kind in Europe—there were tens of thousands from other Communist countries that same year—but they were certainly the bravest, and the truest to a western world that had left them to fight entirely alone. What has become of these gallant people?

To judge in terms of percentages, they have done very well. Only 11,600 of them—less than one in twenty—have gone back to Hungary. Just over 17,000 others—less than one in ten—are still waiting in Austria for final resettlement. The rest—almost nine out of every ten—have been permanently settled in the United States, Canada, Australia, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, the Low Countries, the Scandinavian countries, and elsewhere. There is no comparable instance in our time of a mass migration receiving such spontaneous support from a suddenly aroused mass compassion. But, considering what the Hungarian revolution meant to the West, the 11,600 who have returned to Hungary and the 17,000 who are still in Austria make it legitimate to ask whether the West has not failed just that many Hungarians.

IN ITS BROAD OUTLINES, and particularly during the first few weeks, the rescue operation was superb. The Hungarians had poured into Austria like a flash flood: 10,000 in the week after November 4, when Soviet tanks moved on Budapest, 35,000 in the first two weeks, 90,000 the first month, at times as many as 8,500 a day. They arrived exhausted, ill, wounded, suffering from exposure and shock, and Austria was so ill prepared to receive them that freight trains loaded with escapees shuttled aimlessly for days. Within seventy-two hours, however, the seventeen-nation Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration (ICEM) had pulled together an emergency staff, the Red Cross had flown in supplies, the French, British, Swiss, Belgians, and Swedes had sent special planes, busses, and trains, and thousands of Hungarians were already moving out of Austria. "Never before in the history of modern immigration," says one relief official, "have people who have just crossed the frontier heard loudspeakers saying 'Who wants Sweden, Switzerland, Belgium . . .' and then simply gotten

into a bus marked 'Sweden', 'Switzerland' or 'Belgium.' "

The sense of urgency lasted long after the Hungarians were lodged in camps. Western Europe has become so inured to refugees that the average newcomer to a DP camp is lucky to get out of it in three or four years. The Hungarians, however, found all doors open in the early months after their uprising. Even the United States relaxed its security rules. The only American visas available were those under the Refugee Relief Act, due to expire at the end of 1956. Ordinarily these required a couple of years of screening. But their immediate issuance to Hungarians was authorized by the act's administrator, Scott McLeod—the example of this hardened inquisitor waiving the rules for so many potential Communist agents was both surprising and gratifying—and 5,000 got in under the line during the thirty days before the act expired. Some weeks later, President Eisenhower invited 30,000 more to come in on parole, all of whom were airlifted to Camp Kilmer within two months. If we measure the number of refugees absorbed against the population of the countries that took them in, the achievement of the United States is regrettably close to the bottom of the list of participating nations. In terms of per capita financial help, however, we did far better. With other nations making more generous offers—Switzerland took in ten times as many as we did in proportion to its population—upwards of 170,000 Hungarians were resettled in less than a year after the exodus began.

The Returns of Charity

Not all of them found reality as fair as the dream. The bridge engineer immediately hired by the city of Detroit at a salary of $25,000 a year probably did. The five hundred who went to Trujillo's Dominican Republic and were thereupon herded into camps where they nearly died of hunger assuredly didn't. Nor did thousands of others who, though lucky enough to get into the United States, were stranded with no money or jobs when unemployment began to hit American industrial centers. Nevertheless, whatever luck the émigrés had, almost all of them got a chance to start a reasonably decent new life sooner or later; and if the emigration pace had been kept up just a little longer, there would be few if any Hungarian refugees still on our conscience.

But toward the beginning of 1958, the situation became "normalized," as welfare officials tactfully put it. By then, our feelings of passion, guilt, and regret about the Hungarian revolution were dulled. The United States and Canada were in a recession. Representative Francis Walter was becoming more and more irate about the presence of so many unscreened aliens on American soil. And the various host countries' selection panels for Hungarian refugees, having long since taken up the best of the lot, were down to what the professional social workers call "hard-core cases," "camp psychotics," "unemigrables," "leftovers," or simply "the bottom of the barrel."

Up to this point, the Hungarian

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absorption program had cost upwards of $80 million all told, a fourth of it paid out by ICEM member nations and the United Nations, the rest by the United States. But no one could claim that the countries concerned hadn't gotten their money's worth. More than two-thirds of the Hungarian refugees were young and strong, well able to enrich the expanding economies of countries like, say, Australia, and a surprising proportion were either highly trained or unusually talented. Among those taken by the United States, for instance—about a quarter of the total—72 per cent were of prime working age, 34 per cent had skills badly needed by American industry, and 18 per cent were first-rate engineers, doctors, chemists, and physicists representing an aggregate educational investment of $30 million. Other countries had received similar "valuable economic bonuses," as Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell phrases it. And Austria, which had played host to the Hungarians officially but had spent no money on them, had gained so much from what others spent that the schilling became one of the soundest currencies in Europe.

Early this year the remaining Hungarians in Austria no longer looked like a promising investment. True, among those at the bottom of the barrel there were still many listed in the ICEM's "Catalogue of the elite": 133 teachers, 164 architects and engineers, 157 draftsmen and engineering technicians, 203 artists and writers, and 1,300 toolmakers and machinists, as well as 1,765 housekeepers, cooks, and maids. On the other hand, there were also 650 tuberculars and several thousand others too young, old, disabled, or demoralized to work.

The Disheartened

After western emotions had cooled, the host countries became highly selective or even stopped taking anyone at all; and for whatever reason—because some had waited too long in Hungary to fight the last desperate skirmishes or others had waited too long in Austria for their families to join them, or had held out for the United States to the exclusion of any place else, or had made the mistake of admitting on a U.S. application form to past membership in the Hungarian Communist Party (those sensible enough to lie about this had no trouble), or hadn't brought the proper marriage or divorce papers, or had merely applied to the wrong agency—the 17,000 somehow got left behind.

They are still waiting: 2,000 of them hopelessly, in welfare institutions: 8,000 others known as "free livers" who are buoyed up by their determination to get by on their own; the rest in DP camps, where the demoralization is all but complete.

There are twenty such camps for Hungarians in Austria, some said to be good, others bad. Actually, there isn't much difference. "A camp is a camp," as one social worker puts it, "and the depression you'll find there isn't so much a matter of place as of time." As far as place goes, several are cheerful enough. But even the best of them are pervaded with the odor of institutional cooking, the clatter of tin plates in regimental array on oilcloth-covered tables, the mark of too many shoulders rubbing along the walls, the occasional boisterous drunkenness of men deprived of all function or purpose, the litter and clutter of people who have slept too many to a room for too long to care even about making their own beds. Here and there are a few pathetic signs of homemaking that only underline the squalor of camp life: a row of plants in tomato cans on a window sill, a blanket strung up for privacy, pin-up girls pasted over a student's cot, a ruffled coverlet for one of the illegitimate babies born of mixed dormitory life.

ONE MIGHT REASONABLY expect that people who have waited in such camps for two years would be in a chronic state of revolt. The distressing thing is that so many are not. Having made the supreme effort of escape, many Hungarians—like other refugees everywhere—have found their energy drained beyond replenishment. As weeks of waiting have turned into months and years, they have passed from expectancy to disillusion to resignation and even to a certain pleasure in being forever fed, housed, and clothed at someone else's expense. "We were all rebels when we came," says a father of three in one of the camps, "but now—I don't know. I get some work in the fields, we have a room to ourselves, the food's not so bad. If they just leave us alone here, we'll be all right."

The mood is entirely different, of course, among the free livers, most of whom have refused from the outset to have anything to do with a DP camp. "I know all about camps," says a woman with the blue numbers of Auschwitz tattooed on her arm. "I've had enough of them." But although they have contrived to live independently in Vienna, the process has been painful and morally corroding.

Austria has been more than hospitable, not only to the Hungarians but also to a million others who have taken refuge there since the war (of whom there are still 22,000 left). But it is a small and poor country, all the poorer for having been half-occupied by the Russians until just two years ago; and while Hungarians have found individual Austrians to be unbelievably generous and kind, they have been kept waiting months or years for a simple work permit, or a guild license to practice their crafts. Furthermore, the international assistance that is supposed to be available has frequently, in some baffling fashion, remained just beyond their grasp.

There are all sorts of funds for Hungarians in Austria: Rockefeller and Ford Foundation scholarships, "integration" or "starting a new ex-

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istence" loans and grants of up to $1,600 from the U.N. High Commission for Refugees, the U.S. Escapee Program, the International Rescue Committee, and the various Catholic, Jewish, Protestant, and Quaker agencies. Most of these agencies have done a heroic job. But they must, of necessity, stick to fixed rules; they must collaborate with the Austrian government when asked to; and, since they rely mostly on the State Department for funds allocated according to the size of their case loads, they must stick to a no-raiding agreement—which means that anyone turned down by one agency has hardly any chance of being helped by another. In too many cases compassion, once departmentalized, has gone the way of all bureaucracies.

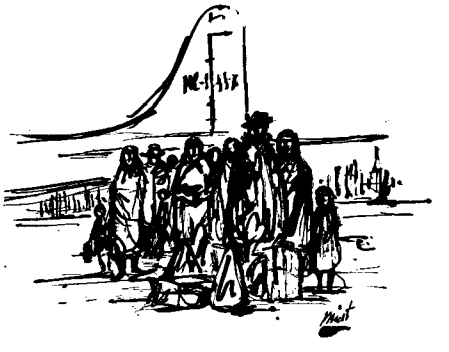
The Unwanted

In Vienna one hears many tales about the tragedies or near-tragedies brought about by a strict interpretation of the rules. The woman from Auschwitz, for instance, was refused both entrance into the United States and a U.S. escapee loan because she had left Hungary on a legal passport (which she had "bought" from a Hungarian official in exchange for her Budapest apartment), and could therefore not be classed as an escapee. A bright young student, after sleeping in parks and flophouses for two winter months, finally was enrolled at the University of Vienna with a Rockefeller scholarship—only to have his allowance inexplicably cut off after the Austrian government took over distribution of the scholarship fund.

More striking than either of these is the case of a man who had been jailed by the Germans as a "philo-Semite" and then had been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment by the Communist régime on charges of having collaborated with Albert Vogeler of International Telephone & Telegraph, who had himself been imprisoned in Hungary as an American spy. An imposingly upright, intelligent, and capable man, this Hungarian at once tried, on arriving in Vienna, to set up in the same trade he had worked at all his life. He wrote to Vogeler for a recommendation that might help secure an agency loan, but got no reply. He then made a round of the international agencies, but found that he couldn't get a loan to rent a shop unless he could produce the lease for it—and he couldn't get the lease without the loan. Having finally managed to borrow the money privately for a brief period, he went back to the agencies and was turned down again—this time, he was told, because he was so demonstrably self-reliant that he didn't need financial help as much as others did.

He has managed to get his shop anyway, and is not wholly embittered by his experience. He is, however, very much saddened by it. "I am appalled to think," he says, "that I should have been tortured in prison for being on your side, that my wife should have had to work as a scrubwoman, that my son should have almost died of a lung wound as a Freedom Fighter—and that I should be told, when I ask your agencies for modest help, that none of this matters to them because they do not meddle in politics. Not a single agency here has given any special consideration to those of us who have been political prisoners. Is it possible—conceivable—that in such clear cases, the West doesn't know how to take care of its own?"

It *is* possible, and it has happened to other men less spirited. There are former political prisoners who have become so discouraged that they have returned to Hungary. The number isn't great, nor have all the repatriation cases originated in Austria. But of the 11,600 who have



gone back to Hungary, 8,000 had never gotten further than Vienna. They were driven back by the same despair that has driven thousands of other Hungarian refugees to black marketing, delinquency, and prostitution, and the number is growing. Though the Hungarian government will not take older refugees back even when they beg for repatriation, it is most anxious to get the young ones; and against a background of accumulating frustration in Vienna, its appeal grows ever more beguiling.

IT IS TRITE to point out that every additional returnee to Hungary is a Communist victory. Even if that weren't true, each case would be a profound moral defeat for the West, which has rarely seen the kind of courage these Hungarians have displayed—and may never see it again.

What, then, is to be done with the 17,000 Hungarians left in Austria? Several thousand would probably just as soon stay there, if they are given adequate assistance: Austria has had a long history in common with Hungary, resembles it physically, and is close enough so that those who still dream of returning some day to a free Hungary are reluctant to leave it. As for the others, the United States has helped by announcing, shortly after news of Imre Nagy's execution, that it would take an extra 3,000. With this example, Canada and Australia have agreed to take up to another thousand apiece. But all three countries are applying rigid standards of acceptability: age, health, skill, political background. Those remaining will really be the leftovers, with all the derelict loneliness that word implies.

Presumably they will stay in the camps. Presumably, too, the Austrians themselves will be paying for their maintenance starting next year. No one in Vienna seems to mind: it costs fifty cents a day to maintain a refugee, and Austria has borne none of that expense so far. What people do mind is the prospect of such shocking human waste. Not all the Hungarians still in Austrian camps (there are only 580 elsewhere) were Freedom Fighters, nor may they all be highly useful members of society. But they are still human beings. And among those whom nobody has wanted there are certainly many who just because of their nonconformism do not easily fit into the categories of institutionalized charity. Further, they all crawled through snow-covered minefields or swam across icy streams to escape a régime they dislike as much as we do.

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The Forgotten People of Taiwan

DENIS WARNER

TAIPEI

A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL bowed me into his Japanese-style home and carefully closed the wood-and-paper windows and the sliding doors. "If it were known that I was talking to you on these matters, I would lose my job," he said; "on some pretext or other I would be put in jail." "I know nothing of the Quemoy crisis," answered a cook in one of the hundred stalls in Taipei's Circle Market, noted for its raw fish and snake soup. "You ask too many questions," said a pretty girl in the Chi Ling Resturant, the city's leading Formosan-style geisha house. "Of course we like the Japanese," said a businessman as we sat at a small table in his private office and sipped our glasses of warm tea, "but of these and other political matters I am not at all qualified to venture an opinion."

The authors of these mostly negative statements, and some hundred others I have not quoted, had several important points in common. They were all Formosans; either in their speech, their customs, or their surroundings, consciously or unconsciously they all reflected the strong and sometimes nostalgic links that still exist between the Formosans and the Japanese; and they were all, to a lesser or greater degree, afraid. Yet as much in what they left unsaid as in what they said, these people and others like them contributed their pieces to a jigsaw puzzle that fits roughly together. This is no scientific analysis, but it is a serious attempt to show a cross section of opinion among the forgotten men of the Far Eastern crisis, the Formosans of Formosa.

Brotherly Brutality

Dominating the national and provincial administrations and holding all the key positions in the armed forces, the refugees who fled from China with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in 1949 capture most of the limelight in any discussion of Formosa. Now two million, they tend to overshadow the island's eight million native-born, whose ancestors left China centuries before the revolution and established themselves on the fertile terraced plains, pushing the indigenous head-hunting aborigines, who now number fewer than two hundred thousand, higher and deeper into the mountains.

Ethnically, of course, the Formosans are Chinese. They speak a Fukienese dialect and look typically Fukienese, with flat noses and broad foreheads. Moreover, in the not so distant past they were officially Chinese: the island became part of the Chinese Empire in 1683 and did not pass into Japanese hands until after the Sino-Japanese War in 1894-1895. Though the cities and towns reflect the period of Japanese colonialism, the villages and the peasants' homes of mud and thatch might have been transplanted straight from any South China landscape. Yet environment, isolation, and perhaps even climate may cause fundamental differences in the character and outlook of people with the same ethnic background.

In 1945, while the Formosans were prepared to greet their Chinese "liberators" as kinsfolk despite half a century of enforced separation, it soon became clear that the mainlanders had no such feelings. They treated Formosa as an enemy country. They raped and they looted. Lacking in discipline themselves, they inflicted the heaviest punishments for infractions of the law by Formosans. Initial Formosan dismay was followed by mounting anger which culminated in the uprising of February, 1947. With reinforcements from the mainland, the Nationalists struck back and in reckless and brutal reprisal shot down thousands of Formosans, including about four hundred young men charged with being leaders of the revolt.

Less than three years later, fate brought the Nationalists in exile to Formosa. They established the government of the Republic of China in Taipei and under the personal leadership of the Generalissimo set out to reform the Kuomintang, to woo the Formosans, and to prepare for the return to the mainland.

SINCE it is obvious to all but the most stubborn Nationalists that there will be no return to the mainland but at best the establishment of a viable island state, Formosa's future clearly depends on the actions and wishes not only of the two million mainland exiles but on all the ten million people who live there.

Already the army is almost half Formosan, and Formosans are moving into the national administration. What, then, do they think of the crisis on the China coast? What are their feelings toward the mainlanders? the Americans? the Japanese? What sort of future would they elect for this most beautiful of islands if they had the choice?

These were the questions I wanted answered. But Formosa would break the heart of any pollster. Eager interpreters shied off when they discovered the nature of my questions; people of substance would not talk without watertight assurances of privacy and secrecy. "We can grumble if we want to," said the proprietor of a successful Taipei shop. "But we are careful not to grumble too much." He was afraid for his business; others feared for their personal liberty. Nervousness varied according to occupation, age, and intelligence. The intellectuals, perhaps as a class the most bitterly opposed to the Kuomintang, were also the most afraid; the pedicab man had few opinions and none whose expression he needed to worry about; the young were more outspoken than the old.

The Lonely Man

To most, President Chiang Kai-shek was only a name. They regarded him as a sort of self-effacing General MacArthur in charge of an occupation that might be either temporary or permanent. While there are plenty of slogans throughout Formosa

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exhorting the public to prepare for the return to the mainland, there are few pictures of the Generalissimo, and his bust at the head of the stairway in the rococo red-brick administrative building in central Taipei is one of the few in all Formosa. The Communists' cult of Mao is not rivaled by any cult of Chiang; he is thought of as lonely and retiring and perhaps grieving over the loss of the mainland. "He is a good man," said one of the sternest critics of the régime. "He is a good man, but many of the people around him are bad."

When they were asked to name the "bad" men, however, few knew names. In fact, opposition to the Kuomintang was almost always expressed in general rather than specific terms. There were charges of corruption; of restriction on freedom of movement, expression, and election; of discrimination between mainland Chinese and Formosans; and there was resentment against what was regarded as the mainlanders' superiority complex. All the specific complaints I heard against the secret police were based on secondhand information, much of it several years old. For instance, one man who volunteered chapter and verse of political arrests on the eve of an election in Taipei conceded under questioning that they had occurred in the early 1950's.

An English-speaking businessman blamed the régime for its refusal to let him take his wife to Manila and for making the Formosans learn Mandarin. "We are like a shuttlecock," he said, "tossed from compulsory Japanese to compulsory Mandarin."

ALMOST EVERYONE believed the Nationalists were using the Formosans as cannon fodder, and assumed as a matter of course that the Quemoy garrison was largely Formosan. A middle-aged woman, who believed her son was in Quemoy, said the mainlanders wanted to make their front-line troops all Formosan and accused the military of making night raids on Formosan homes to pick up recruits. Hers was the indignant-mother approach, though even she was prepared to admit that things were better now than they had been six or eight years ago.

Former landlords, whose holdings have been reduced to either seven and a half or fifteen acres under the "Land to the Tillers" program, were alone in their opposition to this view. "Communism is a form of socialism, and Sun Yat-sen's Three Principles, which the Kuomintang follow, are also actually a form of socialism," said one dispossessed landlord. "The only difference is that the Communists apply theirs more efficiently." He described the peasants as "praising the government to the skies" for land reform. While this would seem logical, the peasants unfortunately proved to be the least articulate section of the population, their inhibitions proving stronger than their gratitude for the land which is now becoming theirs. Most of them merely shook their heads in answer to questions. While some former landlords insist that the peasants, now short of credit, are worse off than they were before, there seems little reason to doubt that of all the Kuomintang's reforms in Formosa the "Land to the Tillers" program has been the most successful.

The Formosans over thirty-five whom I interviewed all expressed some approval of the Japanese. An official government publication states, "Fifty years of Japanese rule failed to make any dent in the cultural background of the people." The statement bears little relation to the truth. Unlike the Koreans, who have nothing but detestation for the Japanese, the Formosans found them the most agreeable of colonial masters. Though they treated the Formosans harshly as second-class citizens, they taught half of them to read and write. They built up roads and railways and industries. They made the country prosperous.

"It wasn't very good after 1936 when the military took control, but don't you think the West forced Japan to become militaristic?" asked a businessman. "I liked the Japanese when they were here and I went to school in Japan. As a merchant now I know that almost seventy per cent of our trade last year was with Japan. Do you wonder that we feel an affinity for the Japanese?"

An intellectual commented: "It can probably be said in fair judgment that Japan's culture is superior to that of the United States. In education especially, and in humanity, the Japanese are ahead. They understand personal and human relations."

The Two Unknowns

To questions on Communism, however, the Formosans proved themselves to be true overseas Chinese. A youth of sixteen declared that the Communists on the mainland were "very strong but very bad." His seniors, in all walks of life, were much more cautious. While insisting that Communism had little appeal for Formosans, they were not prepared to denounce it. "Perhaps Com-

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munism is good for you if you need it," said one. A bitter critic of the Kuomintang thought there might be "just a little less freedom under the Communists." "For the Formosans it is not a question of the Kuomintang or the Communists, but a question of peace," said another. "We just want to live in peace."

If I had been in Saigon or Singapore and had put similar questions to average overseas Chinese, I would have had similar replies. To people who have never thought in political terms but have concentrated their energies on their shops and businesses, there is an inevitable reluctance to face ideological problems; it is much safer to sit on the fence. They reason that while Communism may be diabolical, it is unwise to voice an opinion against a system that might one day prevail. "I have no experience of living under the Communists, so I have no idea how good or bad they are." "I have never met a Communist. How should I know?" Though the Communists had few detractors, it was generally agreed that they had few active supporters in Formosa. They were the unknown quantity across the Formosa Strait, and the United States got most of the blame for stirring them up.

Only one man thought that the defense of Quemoy was justified, and he blamed Washington for its equivocal attitude. Others who were prepared to discuss the matter attributed the Nationalist stand to American support. "If the Americans want to fight the Communists, they should have done it a long time ago," was one comment. "If there had been no American support of Quemoy, there would be no talk of war now." The catalogue of complaints against the Americans was both extensive and ill informed. They did too much for the Nationalists, too little for the Formosans. They had too much money, too many automobiles, and too many troops on Formosa. Most of the Formosans I spoke to had never met an American, but one of the few who had, an intellectual, said: "To my regret the history of America has been very short, and therefore in the field of spiritual and cultural development there is very little one can say about the Americans."

One or two people who had experience of Americans at work were kinder. They compared them favorably with Nationalist officials. "No Kuomintang official likes to get his hands dirty," said an engineer. "The Americans are different. They don't mind taking off their coats and going to work."

Neither the ill-informed nor the supercilious wanted the Americans to go home, however. They were regarded as part of the local scene, sometimes irritating, often unwise, but above all essential. Every articulate Formosan said he wanted nothing more than that the island should enjoy peace and prosperity; and while the Americans could be blamed now for threatening the peace, it was clear there could be no peace without them.

Mandates and Independence

Thinking on the future of Formosa was no less contradictory. No one really was sure how he would vote should the Formosans be permitted to decide their future by plebiscite. All agreed they would not vote for Mao Tse-tung, though again they were anxious to take out their own mental insurance on this score, insisting that it would be foolish to decide in favor of the unknown. In all cases there were evident conflicts of loyalty, affection for the Japanese clashing with nationalist Chinese pride and a yearning for Formosan independence.

Some spoke wistfully of a Japanese mandate but added that they thought it was impossible. Younger groups, who knew the Japanese only after 1936, scoffed at the idea. One favored an American mandate "because the United States is the only country strong enough to stand up to Communist China." Another thought that the Kuomintang, if only it improved, would be the best government, "because whatever our feelings may be now, we are all Chinese."

All spoke of an independent Formosa as if the idea were appealing but probably unattainable. The passionate desire of most Asians in most countries to run things for themselves regardless of the consequences was notably lacking. "We Formosans have businessmen and farmers and schoolteachers and doctors," said the shop proprietor contemplatively, "but we don't have skilled administrators and politicians. It will be a long time before we are ready for independence." The government official was for independence, but added that it was impossible to aim for independence at once. "How long it will take depends on how long it will take to get rid of the existing troops and government," he said. And that, he was certain, would be a long, long time.

To WESTERNERS searching for easy black-and-white solutions to the Formosan problem, these answers will be unsatisfactory. Nothing is clear-cut. While it is true that relations between the Formosans and the mainlanders are not good, they are improving and in any case are a good deal happier than were the relations between the Kuomintang and the Szechwanese in Chungking during the Second World War. There is no cohesive body of Formosan public opinion demanding that Chiang should go. No one has nailed the flag of Formosan freedom to the masthead. Though vaguely aware of the existence of an independence movement, people are confused and uncertain. They don't know what they want and no easy formula seems likely to provide a solution.

To Mao Tse-tung, to Chiang Kai-shek, and, more vaguely, to the Formosans, the island's status is that of a province of China, and there is as yet no effective body of opinion to press for change.

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San Angelo Builds Three Rails for the Three R's

LOIS BALCOM

WELL BEFORE the educational impetus of the first Sputnik, San Angelo, Texas, was teaching science, with portable laboratories, in the first grade; it had an "academically centered" course for all students; its "three-rail" system, designed to provide maximum challenge to fast, slow, and average students alike, was in operation from first grade through twelfth.

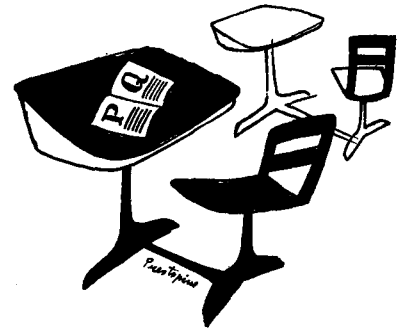
San Angelo's portable laboratories are not toys, nor is its first-grade science window dressing. Science teachers from the high school serve as consultants to ensure the integration of elementary and secondary courses. A similar plan for English, government, languages, and mathematics has created an academically coherent program throughout the city's twenty-one public schools.

Expresses and Locals

The heart of the program, however, is its three-rail system: tough instruction for the fast students, normal for the average, modified for the slow. San Angelo's version of this fairly common scheme is exceptional in its application to the entire range of grades and in its special emphasis on the generally underplanned first to sixth grades. "Give the normal child a sound foundation," says Superintendent G. B. Wadzeck, "and you'll have very little trouble later on." The rising achievement level of San Angelo's school population *as a whole*, attested by scores on nationally standardized examinations, shows that the theory works.

Being visible and tangible, San Angelo's new school buildings have been attracting more attention than the educational practices going on inside them. Though they have original architectural features, they are functional rather than luxurious. Air conditioning, for example, in the hot climate of the central Texas stock-raising and farming country, is not a "frill" but a necessity for a school system that anticipates a year-round role. Other innovations similarly obtain long-range economy by putting the physical plant to maximum use.

But the most important thing that Mr. Wadzeck is building is a unique curriculum adaptable to change yet based upon enduring foundations. "Traditional" is too narrow to describe its techniques of classroom organization, testing, counseling, and instruction—all as up-to-the-minute as its closed-circuit TV. And "modern" would be misleading for a



course enrolling more students in Latin than in "life adjustment."

This curriculum is neither elaborate nor expensive. A fifty-thousand-dollar grant from the Fund for the Advancement of Education has been used for mechanical and electronic teaching aids, more testing and counseling (which does not require a large guidance staff because most of it is done by classroom instructors), and bonus pay for curriculum consultation by outstanding teachers. But this unspectacular sum has merely helped to move things along a little faster; it would not have been needed for a more gradual establishment of the same goals. Superintendent Wadzeck emphasizes that San Angelo's program is simple, that it costs "no more than any *good* system"—and that any other community can find its own answers through the same basic approach.

There is, indeed, nothing unusual about San Angelo from the standpoint of wealth or privilege. Its population of eighty thousand is predominantly "Anglo" but includes large Negro and Spanish-speaking Mexican groups that do not enjoy superior cultural or economic advantages. San Angelo does have an unusual ability to make up its collective mind about the kind of civic program it wants and the best way to go about getting it. As one evidence of this the entire school system was desegregated—without incident—within four weeks after the Supreme Court's decision.

'Children Are Our Business'

Another instance is the reappraisal of its "progressive" educational philosophy which resulted a few years ago in a sudden about-face to the present stiff academic curriculum. Soon there was solid public support behind the new order of the day. (Incidentally, not one teacher, however dedicated to the former doctrine, was dropped in the course of readjustment.) But Mr. Wadzeck is disturbed when visitors from other school districts say that San Angelo is planning mostly for the gifted. "Children are our business," he emphasizes, "and that means attention to the educational needs of *all* children. Remember we're a people who govern ourselves, and a sizable percentage of voters who participate in government are in lower ability groups . . ."

Elsewhere many special programs are designed for the one to five per cent with the highest I.Q.s, but San Angelo's top rail is for the larger number (perhaps up to twenty per cent) whom educators call the academically talented. Yet it takes care of the really gifted, since its comprehensive individual projects permit each child to progress to the limit of his capacity. Actually, the whole top division might be called an honors course, because in San Angelo the middle group represents the standard curriculum for the grade, including college preparatory. (By contrast, many systems regard only the top division as college preparatory and the second one as high-level vocational.) Instruction in the third division is just as carefully tailored for students who are below average; and

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though the content is adapted to vocational ends, the basic academic subjects are not denied them.

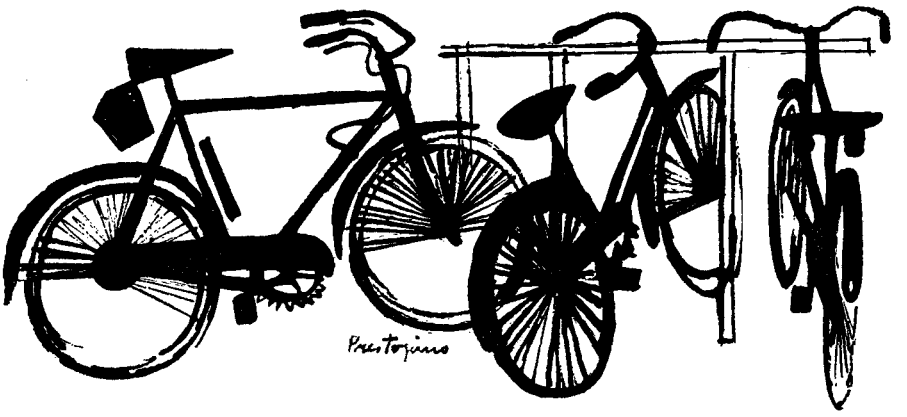
Most important is the provision by which any youngster may be shifted from group to group as his individual achievement dictates; there are no summary judgments by which a child is placed permanently in a particular intellectual "slot." In the elementary grades, flexibility is guaranteed by presenting instruction on all three rails, for all subjects, within each classroom. The children (and their parents) always know what level they are assigned to, and they recognize the top rail as an incentive.

Age and Readiness

It takes time to give a child the sound foundation that Superintendent Wadzeck advocates. In the early years, he believes, the factor of "biological readiness" is paramount. "Advancing a child into the next grade before he's up to it," he explains, "is like giving him a fifty-pound weight to carry before his body's strong enough. He'll keep dropping behind and getting more worried about it until by fourth or fifth grade you have a very disturbed child."

Since a youngster may not enter school unless he is six years old before September 1, some are nearly seven before they start first grade. Yet the biological age of some may be only four or five. They have probably walked or talked later than other children, but by the time they start school there is a tendency to forget that their growth rate in other respects is still behind the norm. Their hearing and vision are not so acute as their classmates', and their fingers are less dexterous. Yet it is too early to assume that their faulty reactions to intelligence tests denote a lack of mental capacity.

Superintendent Wadzeck believes that failure may merely show immaturity. It should be regarded as an indication of the time a child needs to spend in first grade rather than a mark of limited potential. When ability grouping makes its prompt and unforced appearance, the fast ones are given first-grade instruction while the slow have a glorified kindergarten for some time. These youngsters are tested, observed, and retested. "We probably retain more children in first grade than any other school in the nation," observes this imperturbable superintendent. "But they haven't failed. They're just growing up at their own rate. We won't crowd them—but when they're ready we'll give them all they can take."



Children who have spent extra time in first grade often start the second in the fast group and hold their own successfully. By third or fourth grade, their test records may improve by as much as twenty-five points. On one occasion a combined class of first and second grades was necessitated by a classroom shortage. The most mature first-graders were selected to join the least mature from the second grade. In spite of separate instruction, the fast first-graders overheard second-grade lessons and some of them promptly overtook their seniors. Four went directly from the combined class into third grade.

It is hard to convince some parents that such rapid advancement is desirable. Their reading in child psychology has led them to assume that social and emotional "adjustment" rests solely upon chronological age, and thus they are afraid to let their children take ordinary risks outside the haven of the "age group." But Mr. Wadzeck asserts: "Any problem arising from our three-rail system is not a child problem but one of consoling a parent. The greatest weakness in our nation's schools is the inability or lack of effort on the part of educators to win the parents to realistic acceptance of individual differences—to stimulate the talented and allow sufficient time for the slow."

He flatly rejects the theory that the slow pupil cannot benefit by a long, patient tussle with basic knowledge and skills. It may take a third-railer twelve years to get through eighth-grade math, but by then he will have attained reasonable mastery to the limit of his powers. And that is much better for him than either of the usual alternatives: automatic promotions that put him through advanced courses from which he learns nothing, or "escape" courses in which he learns nothing of real value.

Switching Tracks

But differences in accomplishment between the fast child on the top rail and the slow learner on the bottom are reflected in a grading system that is another San Angelo contribution. In spelling, for example, the vocabulary of the top-rail child has developed beyond that of the rest. To receive an "A," signifying both achievement and progress, he must spell correctly every word assigned him. If he misses any, he gets a "B." The second-railer is assigned words the top rail has mastered some time before; he must get all of them right to rate a "B," which stands for top achievement but at a lower level of progress. In the third rail the best grade is "C," for satisfactory achievement at minimum level; "D" or "F" means retention.

"Is it fair?" ask the tender-minded. Superintendent Wadzeck replies: "Nothing is more unfair than to fool a child into believing that he has abilities he doesn't possess. We believe that children must be graded competitively—they're going to make their living that way."

On the basis of these grades, shifts from group to group occur at

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the end of six- or eight-week periods. A child may be on different rails for different subjects within the same grade; later he may be placed not only in different groups but in different grades for specific courses. One youngster of junior-high age is retarded in academic work but has considerable talent in art. He attends the Special Education School, where most of his work is in third or fourth grade, but he goes regularly to his art class in the junior high—with no ill effect on anyone's social adjustment.

San Angelo's ability grouping may produce very unequal divisions since it is not based upon a statistical curve or formula. One class of thirty may have ten in each group; another may have twenty in the middle, eight in the top, and two in the bottom. While the teacher's attention is given to one of the groups, the others have both regularly assigned and "free" activities to occupy themselves. Mr. Wadzeck stresses the distinction between subjects demanding many quantity assignments and those requiring differences in quality. In reading or languages the former applies—the more one reads, writes, and speaks, the better. But this is not true in mathematics or science. The fast child may have to do only two or three problems for a thorough understanding of a point that the average child grasps only after four to six problems—or the slow learner after ten to twelve. To give the fast child more work of the same quality, says Mr. Wadzeck, "is like having him write his name a hundred times." He needs a different kind of problem that will make him "take what he has learned and apply it."

IN HIGHER GRADES, the same goal is attained by giving the fast child more advanced courses: college work in high school, for example, or senior high-school work in junior high. Thus "acceleration" is accomplished although it is not the San Angelo schools' primary goal. Another approach is to group all top achievers in special sections to cover, say, three years' work in two. Nothing is skipped, but quality work is performed with less repetition. This approach has been introduced very

gradually in the first six grades, because Mr. Wadzeck—believing that what we regard today as normal curriculum content will not be adequate for the future—insists upon improving quality of instruction before stepping up the pace.

Beyond the first three grades, the youngsters begin to hit their stride, testing becomes more reliable, and chronological age can almost be disregarded. At fourth grade the child begins to use the academic tools—especially reading—that he has been acquiring, and "exploratory" projects are introduced in the top rail that not only permit but stimulate the able student to extend his efforts to the limit. If a question interests him, his teacher steers him to reference or community sources where he can find out for himself. One small researcher heard someone say that Texas has had more flags than any other state in the Union. He wondered if that was so—and why. By the time he had an answer that satisfied him, he had compiled a brief history of his state.

Of course a child may take this advanced program only after mastering basic skills, and only in those subjects in which he has also mastered basic curriculum content. And only the child who is doing well *at the exploratory level* can make an "A." "Give them credit for the difference between a tough job and an ordinary one," says Superintendent Wadzeck, "and the children will step up and take on the hardest they can handle. Take away this recognition and they'll settle for the 'snap' course. Why not? Grown-ups do the same thing."

Independent projects for the top rail bring up the question of homework in general. San Angelo believes in it—with modifications. Homework begins with the first six grades. The top children are given a little more than the rest but probably spend no more time doing it. Although teachers are urged to avoid assignments on weekends because these belong to the family, much individual exploratory work is done by preference at this time.

Watersheds

Seventh grade provides a final screening before secondary-school work is undertaken. At this point all students whose elementary preparation is in doubt are given a remedial year. And here Mr. Wadzeck delivers what sounds like a shocker: "If children do well in this remedial year, they are retained. If they don't, we promote them!" In other words, if a child has not done well prior to seventh grade but shows marked improvement with the help of the remedial program, the cause of his earlier difficulties must be attributed to slow maturation or emotional disturbance; the gains prove that his intellectual "ceiling" has not been reached. With another year of regular seventh-grade work, he stands a good chance of making normal progress thereafter. But if another child who has done badly prior to seventh grade does not progress in the remedial year, the administration can feel pretty certain that the schools have done all they can for him. More retention would be futile; he is moved into eighth grade, third rail, and is slated for that group's "terminal" (i.e., not college preparatory) program in high school.

IN JUNIOR HIGH, ability grouping is by courses instead of by having all three rails taught within each classroom. With the guidance of sixth-grade teachers and junior-high counselors, the children have some say in the levels for which they register. Every effort is made not to let them elect courses below their

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top capacity, but this problem, Mr. Wadzeck says, doesn't come up very often. More frequently the student wants to try a higher-level course than his teachers think he can carry. If the child and his parents are convinced that it's worth a try, he is allowed to enter the course for six weeks. If he cannot keep up, he is automatically moved to a lower-level course. In this way, emotional upsets are minimized; the child has had his chance, and the experience has no doubt taught him something about his own strong and weak points. In a gratifying number of cases he maintains the pace, keeps up his other grades as well, and finishes the course with flying colors.

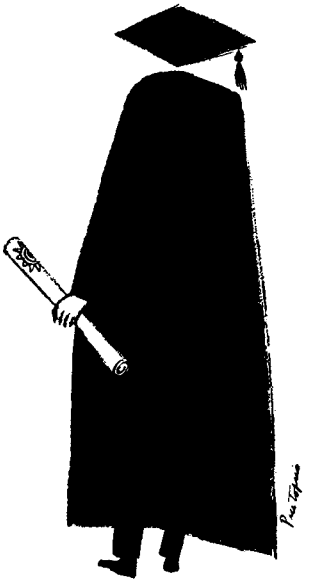
End of the Line

In senior high, many courses are not "railed" at all, while some are offered in two levels instead of three. It depends on the nature of the subject matter (it would not make sense to rail most vocational courses, for example) and upon students' needs.

Whether or not to rail a course is decided largely by the teachers concerned. If the majority feels it is desirable, help is given them by administration and curriculum advisers in setting up special fast or slow sections. A teacher who still prefers to teach in the old way may be assigned to the middle group, which is practically identical with the traditional course. Just now the social-studies teachers are about evenly divided on the question. Until there is a clear majority in favor, railing will not be introduced.

As in the lower grades, it is common for high-school students to be on different rails in different subjects. There are no entirely separate curricula for fast, average, and slow. Four years of English and a year of government are among the requirements for all graduates. Other courses for which a student registers are determined by his level of ability, his future plans, and—after all requirements are met—his free choice of an elective. The usual pattern finds him taking most of his courses on the same rail—honors, college preparatory, or high-school terminal as the case may be. But there are many individual variants. One student may concentrate on heavy academics with four years of English, four or five of mathematics, four or five of science, four of a foreign language. Another may be in the top math and science group, in the middle one for English and social studies, and take an elective single-rail course in speech, art, or music. A third student balances four top-rail subjects with a course in shop.

Mr. Wadzeck regards such a choice as a good change of pace, the beginning of a potential hobby, and a way of learning the values of manual craftsmanship. To him a vocational course is never just an escape hatch for the academically lazy. Its standards are dictated by the serious purpose of earning a living, and there is no easing off for the student who does not share this aim. But neither are those who do have a vocational objective allowed to concentrate wholly in this area; they will spend half days at first in the high-school shop, then later in the plants of



future employers, but throughout they will continue a half-day schedule of academic courses. As citizens, voters, parents, and employees, they will need the regulation English, government, mathematics—all they can assimilate. And they will need an academic foundation if later they decide, as Mr. Wadzeck hopes, to go on to a technical institute.

Graduated Grades

The grading system in junior and senior high school differs from the elementary schools' in that any grade from "A" to "F" may be obtained in any course, but the transcript shows the levels as well as subjects taken. Thus an "A" in Rail 3 English connotes top achievement but limited content—and is so understood by college admissions officers and employers as well as parents and students. Everyone who maintains grades of "C" or better is permitted to carry a fifth subject and encouraged to take additional courses in summer session. Thus it is common for the better students to graduate with twenty-four or twenty-five credits instead of the traditional requirement of sixteen. Mr. Wadzeck believes that this will soon be standard practice in all good school systems; all top students will then be qualified to enter college as sophomores on the basis of college placement examinations. And together with extracurricular programs, the additional courses provide opportunity, despite heavy academic emphasis, for such subjects as speech and dramatics, music, art, athletics, and shop.

San Angelo's system cannot be judged for a while yet—not until the first first-graders who started under the new régime are graduated from high school. But it is showing worthwhile results, even now when it represents a change-over from a foundation laid on different principles. Last year, for example, the highest-ranking graduate received an appointment to the Air Academy without taking competitive examinations. The second highest went to M.I.T. on a scholarship won by his achievement in mathematics. The third received a National Merit Award; San Angelo High had five in the finals, an unusually large number for a school its size. And San Angelo Junior College, a private institution outside the city's jurisdiction, offers a special level of instruction to accommodate top-railers from the local high school along with such others as are better prepared than the average entering student.

With records like these to testify that it is on the right track (or, rather, tracks), San Angelo is dedicated to the proposition that our future target must be higher than it has ever been and that we must—and can—have better education for all our children as well as special provision for those of exceptional talent.

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VIEWS & REVIEWS

An Old Friend Takes A New Look at Us

GRAHAM HUTTON

BEFORE and during the war I lived for more than five years in the United States, mainly in Chicago. Now, after an absence of thirteen years in my native England, I have been back here for five weeks. The changes I see are tremendous, everywhere I go.

The first great superficial change is the hush over America: the muffled effect of much unfamiliar American quietness, the absence of the prewar backslapping, staccato, noisy, good-humored roar—both of traffic and human beings. The American mood today is one of a strange, serious sobriety, of self-examination, of an almost un-American self-doubt and self-questioning, in lieu of the old self-assured, rather provincial certitude of being right on everything. Cars and cabs and cops no longer whistle, hoot, and honk at you in cities.

In the parlor cars and club cars of the once-luxury, now run-down and indifferent trains (that are no longer crack and do not seem to want customers), talk is toned down too. In eating places, lush or not so lush—there do not seem to be many really low-down joints any more—discussions take place, of course, but only rarely do they take on much animation.

The old pace is still there; indeed, it is hotted up. Things go faster but more smoothly, more swiftly but on muffled wheels and feet.

Another big change is in the standard of living. It was always higher than in Britain or western Europe—since the 1880's, at any rate. But that high standard was not always as widespread as it now seems to be. As recently as thirteen years ago the people who rode those crack trains were well-heeled. But now—with but few and obvious exceptions—the long-distance train populace is what a snobbish old Britisher would have termed "lower-middle class," or what Miss Nancy Mitford would archly term "non-U."

Inflation and high taxation have wrought the same change in America as they have in Britain. They have redistributed much of the national income in material terms. But the American economic system, reposing on a bipartisan political agreement on high wages and high profitability and high productivity from high capital investment, turns out twice as much per worker as does the British. Therefore there is twice as much to divide up. This, coupled with the rate at which the national output of goods has mounted, means that (as John Kenneth Galbraith observes in *The Affluent Society*) the chief domestic economic problem in America today is to create a demand for full-capacity output and to ensure that goods are consumed quickly enough to make room for the next increment of output.

Let Them Eat Cake

Thirteen years of peace, albeit an uneasy and interrupted one, have meant that goods used in the increasing leisure time of all levels of workers are economically more and more important. Cameras that had one lens now have two; radios that had one loudspeaker now have three or four; families that had one car now have two or three; more and more families own their new homes, or at least are in the process of buying them, and real-estate ads cram the newspapers. Top-bracket status symbols of prewar days—powerboats and stereo cameras—are now far down the income scale. Take any domestic appliance and you find it has become a commonplace among income brackets far below those associated with it in 1939. The icing on the all-American cake has become very thick, and even the plain cake beneath is richer.

THE FACE of the cities—and America, despite its scenic beauty, is an urban nation—has changed. Wondrous new shopping centers outside the cities attract shoppers away from city centers into the outlying countryside, just as the subtopian suburbs of new homes do. Consequently the city centers undergo a subtle change, which in time must affect

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the city fathers' tax revenues. These centers become less important for shopping, factories, and warehousing, more so for commerce and finance.

The new expressways and tollways show how the cities have been turned inside out: more and more car owners now head outward for leisure pursuits and shopping. The expressways also explain the plight of the railroads. When the Federal and state highway and tollway programs are fulfilled—when busses with upper and lower berths can cruise overnight at sixty miles an hour in safety and smooth silence—won't railroads have to concentrate on bulk freight?

This burgeoning of cities out into the ample American countryside has also begun to make big sociological changes. The colored population of the biggest Northern cities has been accelerated by the trouble in the South and by the lure of better pay; and, naturally, it has moved into quarters vacated by the whites emigrating from the cities into the new housing projects. The visiting economist in New York, Chicago, and other big cities tends to calculate the money and time needed to remove the old slums, the tenements and wood-frame housing. That vast undertaking could provide work for much labor and capital for decades to come.

Babies, Babies, Babies

This building program will be needed because of yet another big change: the demographic one. Annual new crops of babies amounting to some three million—together with medical advances and the fact that people are living longer—have meant that the American population is mounting at a rate faster than that of either India or the Soviet Union. It seems to me, after these thirteen years, that every other young housewife I see is pregnant. In another fifteen to twenty years these babies will be entering not only the labor market but the marriage market too, and that will boost the population in geometric ratio.

This is a good investment for Americans. The population will become younger, and the portion available for work of all kinds will become bigger. Not so in Britain or Germany or other west European countries (except for France): there the portions of the population available for work, for bearing the burdens of current taxes and contributions for superannuation, will become smaller. There is also a possibility that the more the electorate ages and the fewer the younger people, the more conservative-minded the nation will become. Already a majority of British voters are over forty-seven. If science lengthens human life much more, Britain may become a gerontocracy. I cannot see America becoming one for the next fifty years at least.

MY LAST IMPRESSION of change came from young people of America. They, too, seem more serious, less brash, and infinitely less material-minded than their forebears of a generation ago. Keeping up with the Joneses is not, it seems, for them. Whether graduates or not, they seemed to me far more bent on security, not too much work (and certainly not the industrial or commercial rat race), more serious leisure pursuits, more learning and cultural activities both for themselves and their children, and—above all—on having large batteries of children. I heard older Americans express anxiety about them: how would industry be run if this trend went on, how would top management recruit the best, if the best insisted on a secure, scholarly, research kind of job? I cannot judge. I can only state my impression. They were more likable young Americans than I had met before.

Mr. Cowlan Goes to Moscow

NAT HENTOFF

SINCE last January, when the Soviet Union and the United States signed an agreement on cultural exchanges, an increasing amount of relatively free artistic trade has been going on between the two countries. We have seen, for example, the Moiseyev Dancers; and the Russians have been listening to a number of American musicians and are presently dickering for some TV film clips of old "Lassie" shows.

Nearly all the American transactions have taken place either with active State Department aid or with the backing of powerful impresarios like Sol Hurok. One notable exception is the first agreement for a regular and exclusive exchange of program material between Radio Moscow and a small American radio station, WBAI-FM in New York.

This deal was instituted and accomplished by a man who simply started to write to Radio Moscow on the subject last February, went there in July for ten days by himself, and returned with a coup for his station. "I got it," he has explained, "because I went and asked for it." Apparently nobody else had thought of that approach before.

This devotee of free enterprise is Bert Cowlan, a former actor and network announcer who is now general manager of WBAI. The station has an output of eighteen thousand watts and a radius of seventy-five miles. An independent, WBAI relies heavily, as do other FM stations, on classical recordings; but a surprising number of its shows originate in the station itself. It has already scored several cultural scoops on its competitors this year, but its most striking exploit occurred on May 19, the night of Van Cliburn's first (and long sold-out) Carnegie Hall concert. For its ticketless listeners that evening, WBAI presented for the first time in America some two and a half hours of the finals of the First International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow which Cliburn had won. It was able to do so as a result of the correspondence begun by Cowlan with Radio Moscow that

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soon was to lead to his Moscow trip.

In December of last year, Cowlan called the Soviet delegation to the U.N. for advice on how to get hold of a recording of Lev Knipper's Fourth Symphony. They referred him to Youri Permogorov, a tall, amiable man in his early thirties who is U.S. correspondent for Radio Moscow. It turned out that no recorded performance of the Knipper

work existed even in Russia, but Permogorov invited Cowlan to his Riverside Drive apartment to hear other tapes. The two men became friendly, and Permogorov suggested that Cowlan write to Radio Moscow about the possibilities of a regular program exchange.

The first letter was written in February, and in April Cowlan received a tape of Shostakovich's Eleventh Symphony, the first Russian performance available in the West. The Van Cliburn finals were next. Correspondence between Cowlan and Radio Moscow continued, but no progress had been made toward a regular exchange until Permogorov suggested, "You really should go to Moscow." Louis Schweitzer, a chemical engineer who owns WBAI-FM, agreed to pay the bills; Cowlan arrived in Moscow July 18.

HE WAS MET at the airport by Alexander Alexandrov, former head of the Tass news agency in New York and now chief of the North American section of Radio Moscow's short-wave operation. During the ride in from the airport, Cowlan mentioned that he wanted to stop in to see the cultural attaché at the American embassy. He learned later that he had arrived on the day of the "spontaneous" demonstrations against the sending of Marines into Lebanon. Alexandrov's only comment on that first day was, "Perhaps you had better go to the embassy tomorrow."

Cowlan had brought with him some fifty LPs of American jazz and pop music, together with classical recordings by American and European artists. The list had been assembled on the basis of requests made by Radio Moscow, although Cowlan used his own judgment in the jazz and pop divisions. There were so many requests to hear the jazz albums that audition appointments had to be made by staff members.

News analyst Victor Naimushin, a short, determinedly helpful man who had been Cowlan's written contact with Radio Moscow since the beginning, shepherded him to his appointments. Cowlan met an ascending hierarchy of officialdom before the final approval was given, but this form of bureaucracy is not unknown among U.S. broadcasters.

BETWEEN meetings, Cowlan came to know several members of the staff, including the chief announcer, Joe Adamov, a man in his early forties, who had lived in Brooklyn for sixteen years. During one social evening with young members of the North American section, Cowlan found himself involved in a discussion of the effectiveness of Radio Moscow's propaganda service. There is apparently a split between the officials in charge—to whom "American imperialist" is one word, rather like "Damyankee" among some Southerners—and the younger staff workers who speak English and some of whom have lived in America. The latter favor more idiomatic scripts and a less hectoring tone. At present the scripts are written in Russian, sent to the overworked staff of translators, and then translated literally into English. The prose that results is as rigid in its syntax as in its political content. It was suggested half seriously that Cowlan could have a job as consultant to the North American division at a salary equal to what he makes at WBAI if he cared to stay. He was not tempted.

There was naturally a good deal of shop talk. Several of the Russian technicians were aggrieved that they cannot buy—mostly because of a dollar shortage—American microphones, tape recorders, and other electronic equipment. Cowlan found that the Moscow studios and equipment, while relatively old, were basically sound. He also heard Russian stereo, in which three microphones are used on each channel, and thought it quite acceptable, which may be a mild relief to collectors of Russian music now converting to stereo and wondering how effective the imports will be.

THE FINAL exchange agreement calls for an hour-to-hour trade of program materials. Beginning in November, after the start of the Russian concert season, Radio Moscow will send one full concert of two to three hours' duration to WBAI each week. The concert may be of a new work by a Soviet composer, the best solo performance of the previous week, or the best orchestral performance. In return WBAI will send current American music—popular, jazz, folk, and classical—as well as catalogues, sheet music, and record reviews. As a bonus, WBAI will also get two hundred and forty hours of previous concerts and recordings as backlog.

WBAI has exclusive rights to the Russian material, and other American stations wishing to use any of it will probably be referred by Radio Moscow to WBAI, where Cowlan is making the material available

on a cost basis for one-shot noncommercial use. Other American stations using the tapes must also send an hour's worth of music to Moscow for each hour of Russian material played. The American recordings will not only be heard in the Soviet Union but are also likely to be sent back again to North America by short wave. The Russians are particularly interested in young American composers and performers, although one of their needs, Cowlan was told, is a recording of "God Bless America."

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General Gavin Sounds the Alarm

SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY

WAR AND PEACE IN THE SPACE AGE, by James M. Gavin. *Harper. $5.*

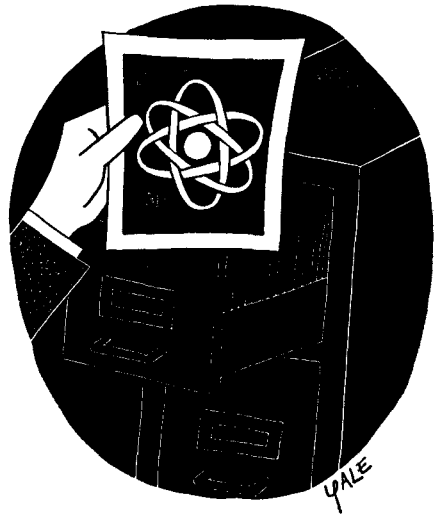
It used to be said that war is too serious a business to be left to the generals. On the evidence of several recent books by retired generals, of which this is the most distinguished, one is almost forced to the conclusion that war is too serious a business to be left to those who do not at least heed the advice of some generals.

Again and again in recent days, after listening to the President and the Secretary of State expound our policy in the Formosa Strait I have turned back to General Ridgway's memoirs, *Soldier*, which expose the military absurdities of our military policy in Quemoy and Matsu. It was only through General Ridgway's persuasive and unrelenting criticism within the administration in 1954 and 1955 that we succeeded in avoiding an earlier war over these two offshore islands.

General Gavin pays high tribute to his former chief in this volume, which is a somewhat hasty but nonetheless incisive and panoramic review of our defense position during the decade just past and the decade ahead. Though half of the pages are filled with pungent reminiscences of his own military career, now unhappily broken in middle life, the burden of General Gavin's book is a coldly realistic appraisal of the radically altered military balance between the United States and the Soviet Union.

There are two inescapable conclusions that emerge from a reading of this book: first, there is a dangerous military gap between the over-all capabilities of the United States and the Soviet Union that will steadily widen in the next five years, particularly in long-range missiles; second, that this gap was not inevitable and was largely produced by actions taken since 1953.

If it is a common error of the military mind to fight the next war with the theories and weapons of the last, General Gavin is hardly open to this indictment. His mind is imaginative, probing, and sensitive to the imperatives of a space and missile age. The earth, he points out, has shrunk to a "small tactical theater" in which the "very nature of strategy will change, leaving the realm of physical combat and going into full-scale psychological warfare, and leaving the earth's environment and going into space." It is against such a backdrop, not



against a static image of a well-mapped battlefield, that General Gavin draws his somber conclusions and sounds his warnings.

Defense on the Cheap

General Gavin is unsparing in his criticism of the military judgment and administration of the Eisenhower years. Secretary Wilson, who departed from office with an aura of being the shrewd and honest administrator endowed with an earthy wisdom, is depicted—with ample documentation—as a bullheaded and misinformed man who misled both himself and the President with notions of defense on the cheap. Though it now appears that the President himself may be the last full-blooded Humphreyite, Secretary Wilson also enjoyed the support of the Bureau of the Budget and the Secretary of the Treasury.

General Gavin makes it quite clear that the Russians did not really make a serious start on large missiles until 1953, yet this was the very year that brought the "New Look" to our defense policy; the dangers of a rising budget were equated with those of rising Soviet capabilities for both nuclear and limited war. General Gavin leaves no doubt that there was a direct causal relationship between the budget theories of Secretaries Wilson and Humphrey and our reduced capacity to meet flexibly the variety of military situations for which we must be prepared. Though others—including Secretary Dulles himself—have by now fully deflated the Maginot Line illusions of the "massive retaliation" doctrine, General Gavin is especially effective in showing that, even on its own terms, this theory fails to take into account the degree to which the Communists derive diplomatic and political advantages from American threats to use nuclear weapons.

BUT THIS BOOK is not just a querulous recital of past follies. It is also a readable analysis of ways by which—in the future—we can avoid further erosion of our position and make the best play of the advantages we still possess. To be sure, there is a serious gap in military inventory that cannot be closed or brought into working equilibrium between now and 1962. The problem of "lead time," which involves delays in making decisions as well as in production, will prevent us from producing adequate long-range missiles and certain defense missiles for some time.

It has been claimed that we are undergoing a national awakening, to which General Gavin's book has made a notable contribution. But this awakening is far from assured. Only last month the President at a White House press conference made light of those urging "crash" programs by reassuring the nation that we had a superb and versatile capacity in manned aircraft which could safely tide us over. Once again, the advice given the President was misleading. It completely ignored the

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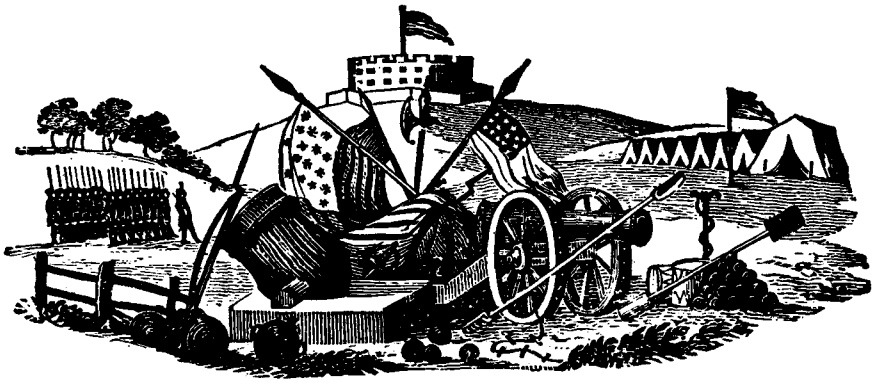
dual nature of the Soviet threat, which includes a defensive ability against manned aircraft and missiles as well as an offensive thrust. The Russians, according to recent reports, are far outstripping us in terms of a defensive system, which is an essential component of the gap.

Closing the Gap

Our answer, therefore, is not to suppress the facts—by withholding from the public the conclusions and recommendations of the Gaither Report—but rather to act on those clear opportunities which we do have, even though it may cost several billions more and require somewhat greater austerity and sacrifice.

What are some of the advantages we could exploit? Though not all details are public, we do have promising beginnings in air-to-ground missiles, in low-level flights, in "air breathers" and flying bombs. Nor is it beyond our capacity to improve in a relatively short time our airlift and foreign airbase techniques, which are crucial to our ability to wage successful brushfire wars. And it is possible, though General Gavin makes it clear that the barriers are great, to improve further the decision-making and lead-time factors, which this administration has tended to relate too much to tables of organization and too little to the stern requirement of human leadership and character. For it is on human ingenuity and executive leadership that we must rely if we are to use our older weapons systems with the greatest imagination so as to prevent the inevitable gap from becoming a cataclysmic chasm.

IF WE ARE ABLE to make the necessary transitions in thought and action in the years immediately ahead, then I am sure that history will record the name of James Gavin as one of the best pathfinders and guides. Though many readers may question some of the individual analyses contained in this book, none, I am certain, can fail to ponder the broad and frightening dimensions of the effort for which he calls—an effort that we must make in an age in which the issues of survival will truly be determined in the heavens as well as on this crowded island we call earth.



The Great American Escape from Theory

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE AMERICANS: THE COLONIAL EXPERIENCE, by Daniel J. Boorstin. *Random House. $6.*

The American, everyone agrees, is a practical and a democratic man; the only questions are how he got that way and whether it is a good thing. On the second question, historians seem on the whole more genial than —say—diplomatists, sociologists, or theologians, and historian Boorstin is no exception. In fact, he likes America's non-theoretical and democratic bent well enough to build it into the method and content of his own answer to the first question, about how Americans got this way. They came to be Americans, it seems, in very American ways; they were made practical and democratic quite practically and democratically.

The colonial American came to have our distinctive traits not intentionally, as a result of European thought, but inadvertently, as a result of American experience. One should look not at what John Locke said but at what Virginians did; not at the Calvinist idea of "calling" but at the American fact of opportunity; not at what Puritans or Quakers or London philanthropists ideally intended the colonies to be but at what the conditions of colonial life caused them actually to become.

When one sees American character thus growing out of particular situations rather than out of general ideas, one finds it has a great many separate roots; they spread out all over the place. Massachusetts was practical because its unchallenged orthodoxy, settling all theological matters, left the Puritans free to go ahead and apply themselves to practical affairs, but Virginia was practical as a result of its mild, inclusive, traditional spirit. A paucity of American books springs from colonial scarcity of type and of paper; a naïve American diplomacy comes from the colonists' localistic defense of home against Indians. What Mr. Boorstin says of "lay" control of American colleges applies to much of what he says about America generally: that it owes "less to anyone's wisdom or foresight than to sheer necessity and to America's nakedness of institution." Almost, America just grew; anyway, there is a lot more in it than was dreamt of in anybody's philosophy.

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Perhaps because their New World reality had it all over theory in novelty, color, and variety, Americans never had much truck with theory. That neglect was closely tied to democracy. No one great thinker made up America's mind, nor any "thinking class"—an institution America didn't have and didn't want. Sharp lines within and between the professions were blurred. As colonial America had poetry but no poets, so it had a philosophy without philosophers—with, indeed, a suspicion, on principle, of philosophers. "One of the ways in which American experience liberated the New World was by freeing men from the notion that every grand institution needed a grand foundation of systematic thought: that successful government had to be supported by profound political theory, that moving religion had to be supported by subtle theology . . ."

The Paradox Derby

Mr. Boorstin himself obviously has been freed of that notion, and there is in his book the rather common hall-of-mirrors effect, in which his own presuppositions reflect those which, using them, he finds Americans also to hold. His outlook, more or less neglecting the content of intellectual movements, almost makes history a kind of sociology of the past. Occasionally he exclaims impatiently against those who resort to the "bookish prospectuses" of political theorists, or, for example, who draw a "library distinction" between "Calvinism" and the "enlightenment" that prevents them from seeing—what he convincingly shows—the great American affinities between a Cotton Mather and a Benjamin Franklin.

"Bookish" and "library" theories don't explain this society; they weren't necessary to build it; they also aren't needed to keep it going. "We have been too long told," Mr. Boorstin says, "that a 'unified' scheme of knowledge is required to give meaning and unity to society" and that an "articulate and systematic philosophy is likely to provide" a "system of shared meaning." It isn't necessarily so; we may be better off without it.

This way of looking at American history—whatever its larger merits or demerits—performs an incidental service by suggesting an answer to a nagging question: Why do current thinkers about history and policy, especially in America, keep coming up with paradoxes, ironies, and contradictions? The answer, it seems, does not lie entirely in some quirk in the contemporary mind, or in something in the food at the Ivy League graduate schools. Apparently, American history itself has something to do with it. Mr. Boorstin's book—itself an entry, but not a front runner, in the paradox Derby—indicates, with lots of evidence, that there really *were* contradictions and ironies. America, as a new, dynamic, and unpredictable reality, was continually outdistancing thoughts about it and ideals for it, and it sometimes even turned around and tripped them up.

An Armful of Tiny Bundles

If the book itself is an example of the American anti-theoretical approach it describes, it is a strong recommendation for that approach. The first of a projected series of three volumes that will bring American history down to the present, it is a solid, well-worked book. It moves swiftly and impressively to make clear and interesting points. "All knowledge in America seemed to come in small miscellaneous parcels," it says. In turn, it has the merit of giving out many small, neat, well-tied parcels of interpretation, instead of offering the one huge ungainly bundle of an overarching thesis, or just giving unwrapped facts. It does tell many things in the factual line, but they are not left lying around loose; they are tied into his points. Quaker martyr Mary Dyer's story is retold, in the course of an excellent section showing how the Quakers, though great as martyrs, were flops as governors; the spelling

Up from Puerto Rico

by ELENA PADILLA

For all Americans who have wondered about or worked with our newest minority—the Puerto Ricans—this book will be a revelation. Elena Padilla, an anthropologist, shows the Puerto Ricans as they are and as they live in a typical New York slum neighborhood—their home life and customs, their talents and their dreams; the special problems they bring with them, the obstacles they find waiting for them here, and the solutions they have worked out. Illustrated. $5.00

Minorities in the New World

by CHARLES WAGLEY and MARVIN HARRIS

Two Columbia anthropologists explore the problems of six representative minorities in the Western Hemisphere: the Indians in Mexico and Brazil, the Negroes in the French West Indies and the U.S., the Jews in the U.S., and the French Canadians. By their lively and objective analysis of each group, the authors determine common characteristics of minority groups and evaluate the present-day significance of these American experiences in assimilation. $6.00

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bee is described, as part of the point that Americans are literate but not literary. The merits of the book, as befits its own ideas, lie not in any single thesis but in a multitude of clear, small parts.

Concerning the larger frame, it is hard to be quite as overjoyed as Mr. Boorstin at the very idea of a society's not having ideas. He often seems to recommend it as a positive virtue. He says of the great Virginians, "They possessed a sense of full-bodied economic and political reality, but no particular genius for the abstractions of closet philosophy. This was to prove one of their greatest strengths." Old Ben Franklin, it seems, did all right in science until he made the mistake of reading European books; that spoiled the poor fellow.

In the sciences Mr. Boorstin does perceive the limits as well as the advantages of the untheoretical mind; the describing and collecting "natural history" approach can find new things, all right, but it means a loss of a sense of what is fundamental.

A Thought: Down with Thought!

In politics and philosophy, however, Mr. Boorstin never says much about these limits. There he seems quite content with an inarticulate, catch-as-catch-can way. But the reader is not. Even in this book, one sometimes feels that too much is being explained by too little, and some reference to the content of men's minds is needed. Is America's naïve diplomacy mainly the result of the conditions of the colonist's fight with the Indians, or does the classical liberal and sectarian attitude toward force have more to do with it? Is the practicality of the Puritan wholly inadvertent, or does the substance of his theology—ordering even the practical world under a sovereign God—have much to do with it? If men's theories can't quite be left out of American history books, maybe they also can't quite be set aside in dealing with our present society. At least, it's hard to feel that a more articulate and reflective America would be positively harmful.

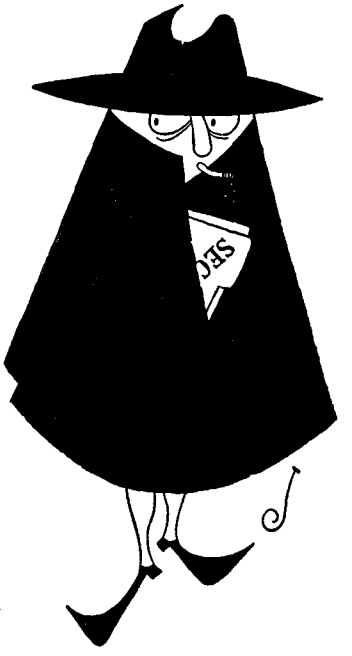
Mr. Boorstin's book is good partly because he does not consistently follow the American inclination against reflection, by which he is himself overimpressed.

A Clown of Love In the Age of Absurdity

ALFRED KAZIN

OUR MAN IN HAVANA, by Graham Greene. *Viking. $3.50.*

In 1943 I saw a draftee, in a long line of men waiting in their underwear for an Army physical, reading Graham Greene's *The Confidential Agent*. It was a perfect book for the occasion, since it is possible to ignore almost anything while reading it; and since it deals with a much-troubled Loyalist agent in England



during the Spanish civil war, it was still highly suitable to the times. Graham Greene's "entertainments," as he now calls books like *The Confidential Agent* and *The Ministry of Fear* to distinguish them from his later "serious" novels, reflected perfectly the pervasive anxiety of the Hitler-Mussolini age. In these thrillers the average man, the muddled and anxious man who usually appears in Greene's fiction as if he had stepped in a grimy mackintosh out of a London tube station, personified everyone's feeling of dread before the inhuman monsters of Nazism-Fascism. At the same time, the Greene hero personified that acute and enigmatic sense of guilt, usually arising from some surprising passion in his personal life, which so often made one irrationally feel that Hitler-Mussolini expressed the dark side of *everyone's* nature.

THE SENSE of guilt is the essential theme of all Greene's fiction. It explains the chase after the hero in his "entertainments," and as the aftermath of adultery it results in the inner struggle on the brink of damnation that is the stuff of supposedly more "serious" books like *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair*. The protagonists in both the entertainments and the novels are essentially decent and haunted human beings who are led into sins of violence and despair by the unexpectedness of some human attachment. They are fools, martyrs and clowns of love, and through their love we see parallel lines—love for a human person, love of the divine law—that cannot meet in time. In the nightmare world of the 1930's and 1940's, a man had good reason to connect his personal guilt with the even now incredible sadism of Hitler. When governments can turn civilized society into a literal hell on earth, it is hard for the average man, with his conventional share of original sin, not to feel that the world has been turned, in a bad dream, into the ministry of fear.

The Hitler period marked the high point of Greene's entertainments and concealed, because of its psychological pressure, the essentially hysterical personal emotions that Greene was able to whip up. He was able to find dramatic symbols for states of anxiety and dread because of his concern with plot, a neglected element in contemporary fiction. The Hitler age made for melodrama, the spy chase. In his later "serious" novels, Greene betrayed the subjectivity and incoherence of

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his thinking by trying to make plots out of the complex moral dialectic of sin itself—the non-Catholic reader of *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of The Affair* is embarrassed as well as baffled to find himself being invited to take points of doctrine as if they were universally accepted dramatic actions. As George Orwell complained, Greene, "by trying to clothe theological speculations in flesh and blood," produces psychological absurdities. Nevertheless, the plight of husbands and wives who fall passionately in love with people they are not married to furnishes in Greene's "serious" books the same authentic sense of imminent damnation that Hitler and Mussolini did in his scary "entertainments."

WITH *Our Man in Havana,* which is advertised as a new entertainment, we can see that the Khrushchev-Dulles age lends itself not to dread but to farce. Our plight is now so universal and at the same time so unreal that the age of anxiety has turned into the age of absurdity. The Greene hero has not changed. He is still defeated, sad, and the clown of love: an Englishman who sells vacuum cleaners in Havana, he was deserted by his wife and left with a young daughter to bring up. Like all true Greene protagonists, he feels guilty because *he* was deserted. That is the characteristic bit of adult psychology that one always finds in a Greene novel.

But otherwise, what a change is this! The engrossing nightmare thrillers of the 1930's and 1940's have turned giggly and empty. Formerly, a man became a spy for a cause he did not *quite* believe in because he was trapped by his own guilt, his sense of his human inadequacy. But now, Mr. Wormold (Worm-mold?—the average man and his destiny couldn't be more explicitly conveyed) accepts an invitation from the British secret service in order to accumulate a dowry for his pretty daughter. Our anti-hero is recruited in the men's room; the code book is Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* (the director for the Caribbean couldn't find duplicate copies of anything else except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*). Mr. Wormold industriously goes to work, collecting wages and expenses from London for wholly fictitious agents and for reports largely rewritten from the Latin-American section of *Time* and information bulletins put out by the Cuban government. In a rare moment of inspiration, Mr. Wormold thinks up and draws the plans of a superbomb that reminds his chief in London of a vacuum cleaner, but of course he cannot get away with it. This is not because London doubts him but because rival spies also take him seriously. This leads to murder, a chase, and to the final clinch between Mr. Wormold and the assistant sent out from London—a lady who left her husband because he was permanently in conference at UNESCO. When she discovers the deception Mr. Wormold has practiced on the British government, she realizes that he is priceless. "Do you think that I would ever have left Peter if once—just once—he'd made a fool of UNESCO? But UNESCO was sacred. Cultural conferences were sacred. He never laughed."

YOU ARE all expected to laugh with *Our Man in Havana.* But Mr. Greene still has strong feelings. The wicked police chief in Havana, who carried a cigarette case made of human flesh, "squeezed out a smile. It seemed to come from the wrong place, like toothpaste when the tube splits." The preposterous secret-service chief in London wears a black monocle over a glass eye. The eye itself is "pale blue and unconvincing; it might have come out of a doll which said 'Mama.'" These feelings are directly expressed in his lady's tribute to Mr. Wormold. "I don't care a damn about men who are loyal to the people who pay them. . . . There are many countries in our blood . . . but only one person. Would the world be in the mess it is if we were loyal to love and not to countries?" This is significant doctrine, but to use it against material—the cold war—that is portrayed as essentially meaningless can be dangerous. Mr. Greene has never believed that anything but love is significant. Once the times concealed this from him—from us—by lending him something really terrible to write about. In the age of terror, melodrama made sense. In the age of absurdity, a farce like this is just petty. It hardly exists.

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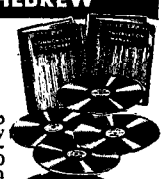

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The Mind and Faith Of Martin Luther King

PERRY MILLER

STRIDE TOWARD FREEDOM: THE MONTGOMERY STORY, by Martin Luther King, Jr. *Harper. $2.95.*

This is Dr. King's modest account of his leadership in the Negro boycott of the Montgomery, Alabama, bus system, from December, 1955, until November, 1956, when the Supreme Court banned segregation in public vehicles. It would, of course, be a valuable part of the record even if it were nothing more than the history of one successful protest against Jim Crow regulations. On December 1, 1955, Mrs. Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat to a white passenger and to stand in the crowded rear of the vehicle. She was arrested. The majority of Montgomery's Negroes responded by refusing to ride the busses. They organized their own transportation and, against a tremendous hostility that resorted to all the wiles of a lopsided legality and at last to bomb throwing, they held their ground until the Federal decision was handed down.

In a few Southern cities similar desegregation had been achieved without conflict, but in Montgomery it had to be fought for. This struggle is memorable because Dr. King, minister of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, invested the operation with an intellectual dignity that transcends ordinary racial friction. He and his associates, notably the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, somehow were able to communicate a complex social and spiritual insight to their people, and to guide what began as a spontaneous outburst of emotion into a disciplined, well-reasoned, and nonviolent pattern of resistance.

Dr. King is the most self-effacing of men, but his narrative shows that this marvel could hardly have been wrought had he not patiently worked out a program that elevated the fight far above the level of a brawl. The simple-minded, often hysterical Negroes among his group may have had difficulty keeping up with his thinking, but by his devotion and his clarity he made them see his point. One doubts that his opponents in the white Citizens' Council are even remotely aware of the stature of the man.

HIS CHURCH, Dr. King writes, has "had a long tradition of an educated ministry." When he completed his graduate courses at Boston University in 1953, he was offered positions at several Northern churches and colleges. Dr. King and his wife deliberately chose Montgomery—"The South, after all, was our home. Despite its shortcomings we loved it as home. . . ." What especially strikes a Northern reader of this book is the depth of the Southern Negro's love for his homeland.

The son of a minister in Atlanta, Dr. King had early suffered the degradations imposed on the Negro in the South, and had come "perilously close to resenting all white people." His salvation began when as an undergraduate he first read Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" and glimpsed the possibility "of refusing to co-operate with an evil system." He found further guidance in the "social gospel" of Walter Rauschenbusch. He put himself through a stiff course of studying Karl Marx, Nietzsche, and Reinhold Niebuhr. Finally he began reading Gandhi.

Out of these diverse influences, either by attraction or repulsion, Dr. King formulated his own philosophy of "nonviolent resistance," of which, he confesses, he had "merely an intellectual understanding" before he went South and learned the hard way how "to organize it in a socially effective situation." What makes his book, therefore, something much more than an excellent piece of reporting is the unfolding of this conception. In his view it is not passive resistance and it is not a way out for cowards. "It does resist." Yet it seeks no humiliation of its opponents, it attacks evil itself but not evildoers, it will suffer blows without striking back, and it rejects all hatreds.

IT IS HARD to believe that Dr. King could keep some fifty thousand people loyal to this ideal under the most galling harassment. But by the time the battle was joined, Dr. King stood in the front of a community possessing an impressive social cohesion. This was made evident in the formation and functioning of the Montgomery Improvement Association. Though Dr. King lists the sociological factors that helped them win their fight, he finds that all rational analyses are ultimately inadequate. There was something at the heart of it that was suprarational: "It cannot be explained without a divine dimension."

Even readers who do not customarily accept such causal theories will have to admit that Dr. King and his followers found in this conviction a source of great strength.

Dr. King's final chapter asks, "Where Do We Go From Here?" He knows that the bus episode was only a minor engagement. He surveys the larger terrain and shows with painful lucidity all that must be done if we are ever to realize the promise of America—what is required of the President, of Northern liberals, of Southern moderates, of labor unions, of churches, and most emphatically of the Negroes themselves.

He makes it clear that continued injustice to the Negro maims the white people even more than it cripples the Negro. An overwhelming majority of citizens in Little Rock have explicitly stated that they do not see the issue in this way. Dr. King's deep faith will bolster his courage to face such setbacks. But he sees a frightening choice before us. It is no longer between violence and nonviolence: "It is either nonviolence or nonexistence."

Dr. King's style has a factual simplicity that suits his restraint as easily as John Woolman's prose conveyed the Quaker serenity. By any standards, Northern or Southern, Christian or secular, he has written a major tract for our times.

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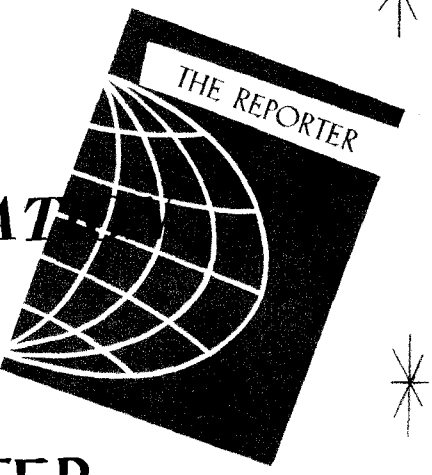

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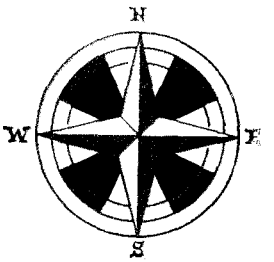

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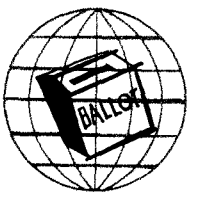

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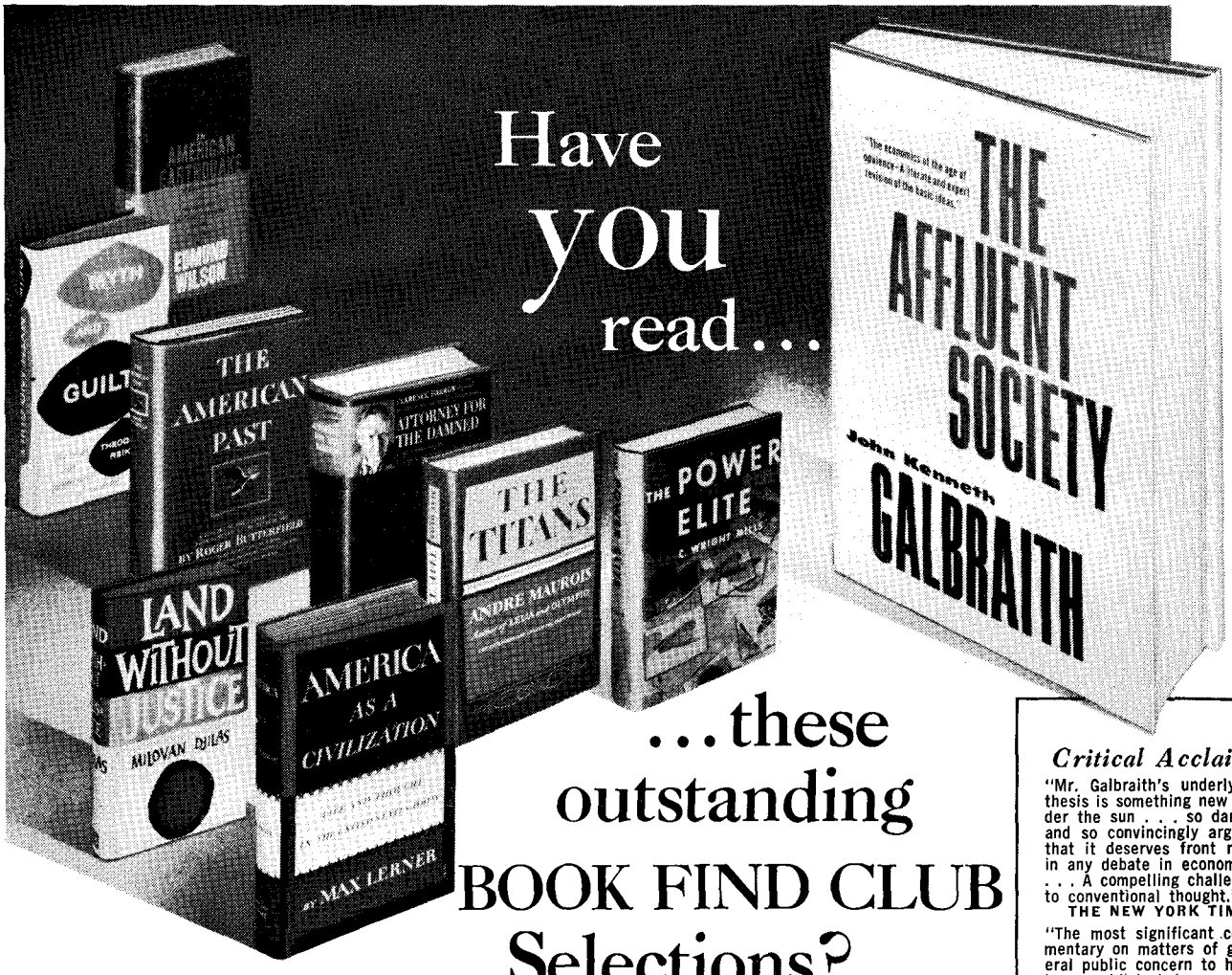

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